# THE SCOTTISH MELODIST

KIESER

To Elizabeth T. Armstrong

from her

affectate father as a New Years

gift

January 1867

# THE SCOTTISH MELODIST

WITH

## SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR THE PIANO FORTE

Edited by

J. C. KIESER

EDINBURGH.
WILLIAM P. NIMMO

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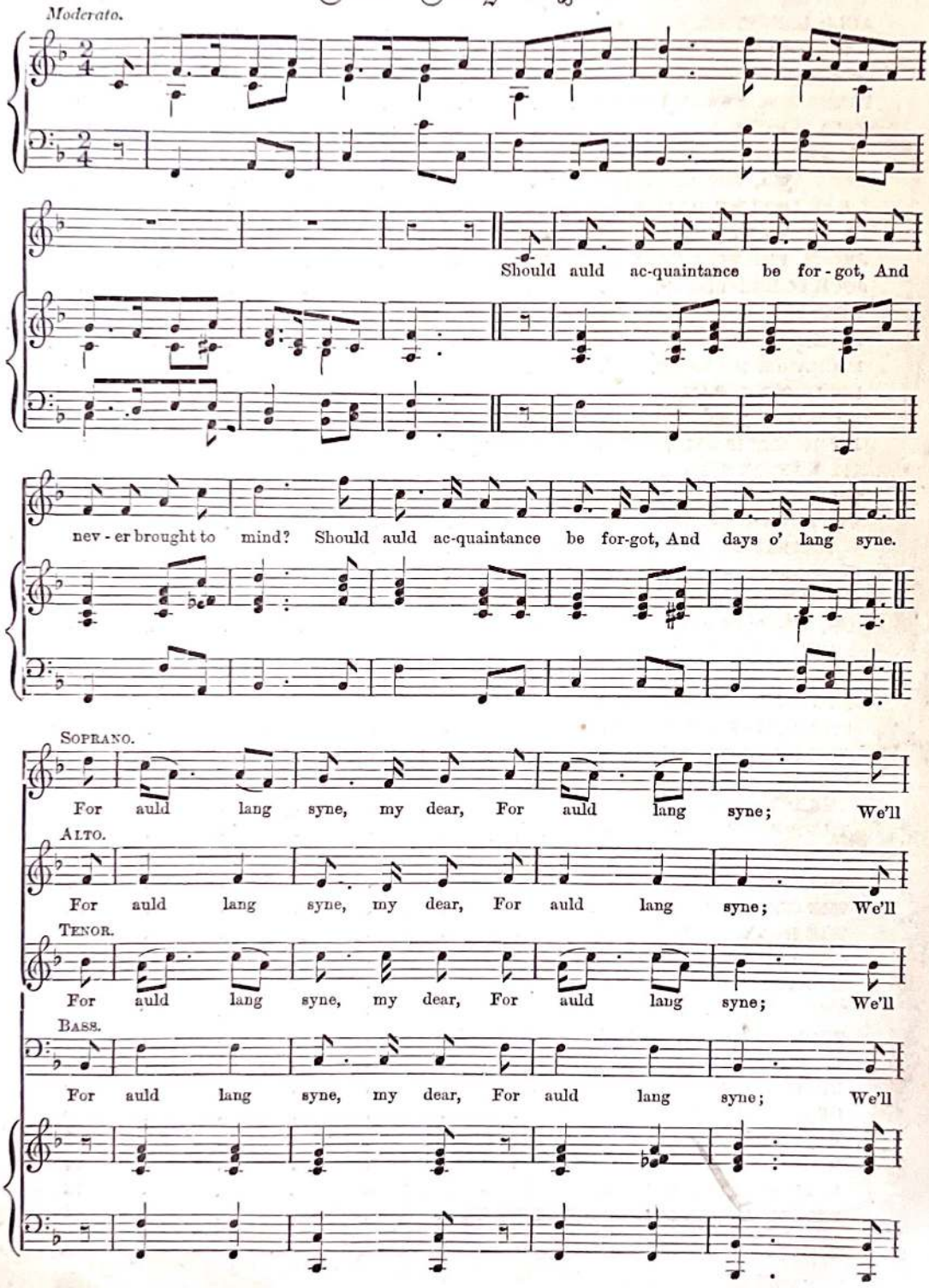
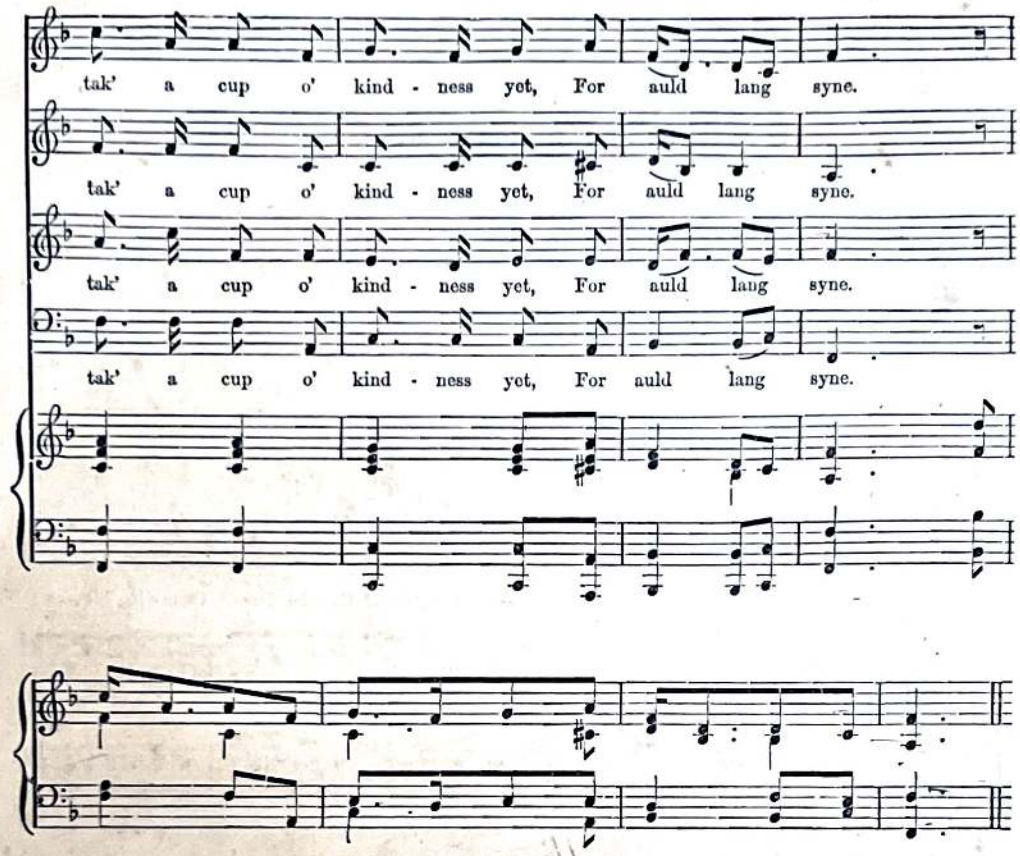
# Auld Lang Syne.

*Moderato.*

Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And
nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne.
Soprano.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll
Alto.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll
Tenor.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll
Bass.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa hă'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

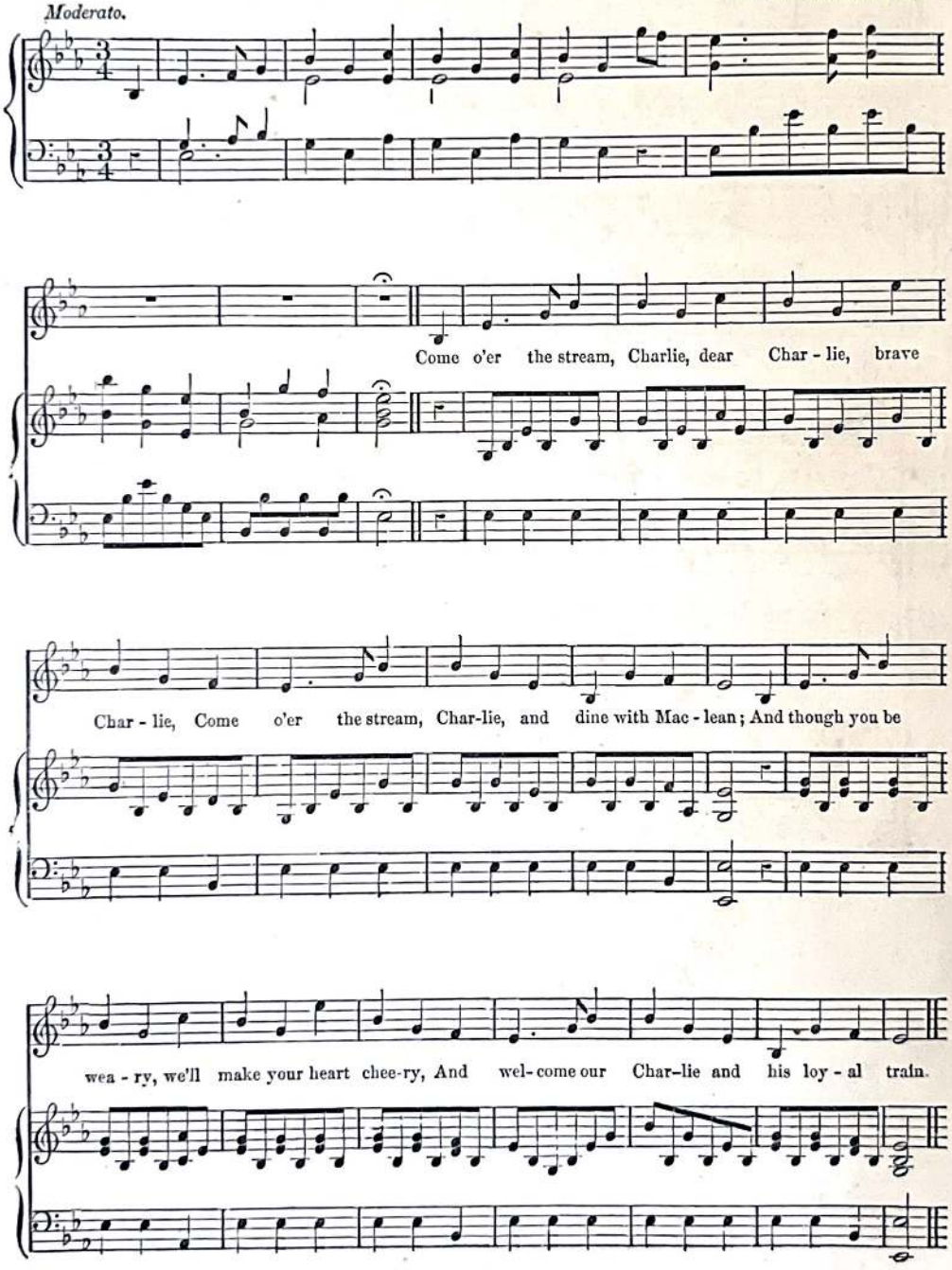
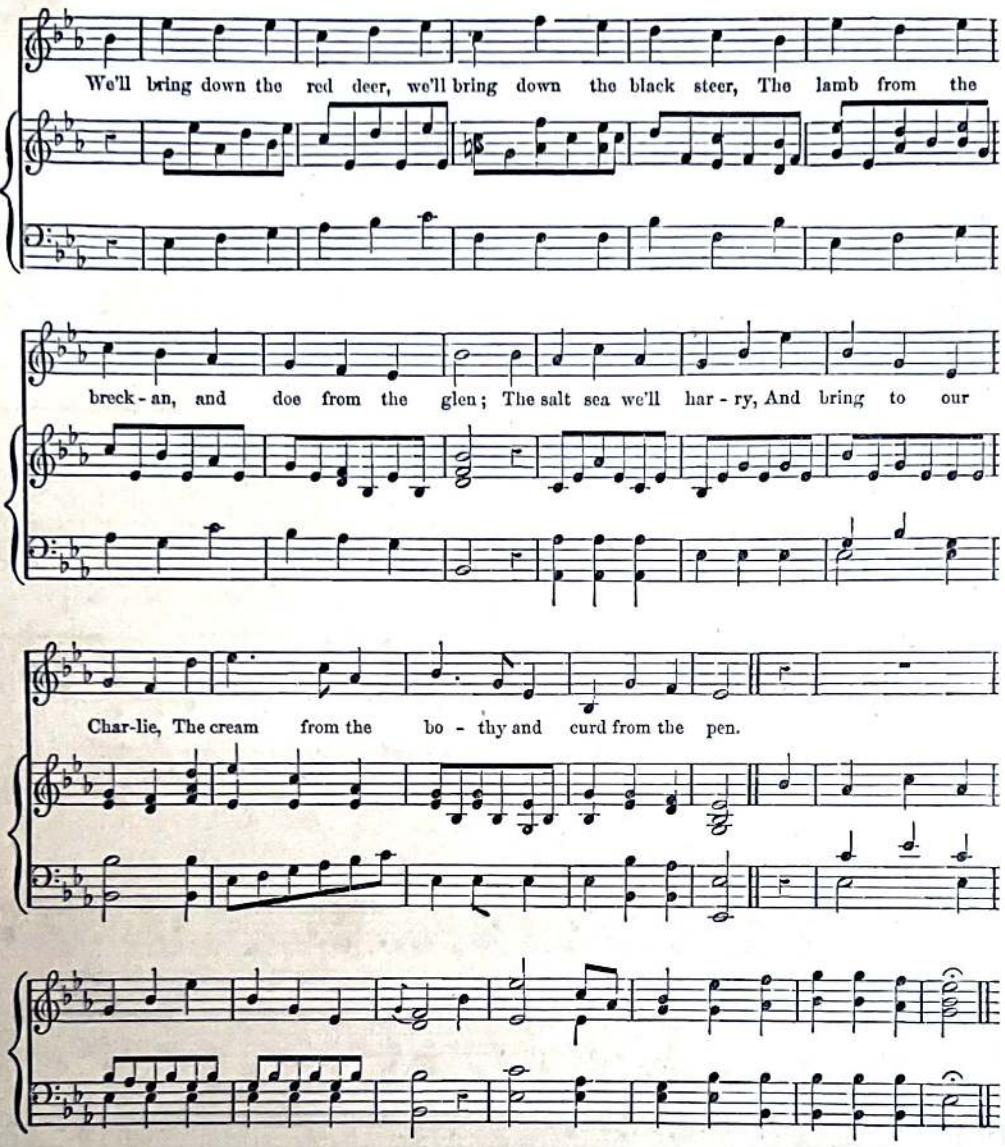
We twa ha'e paidelt in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty friend,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll take a richt-gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

# Come o'er the Stream, Charlie.

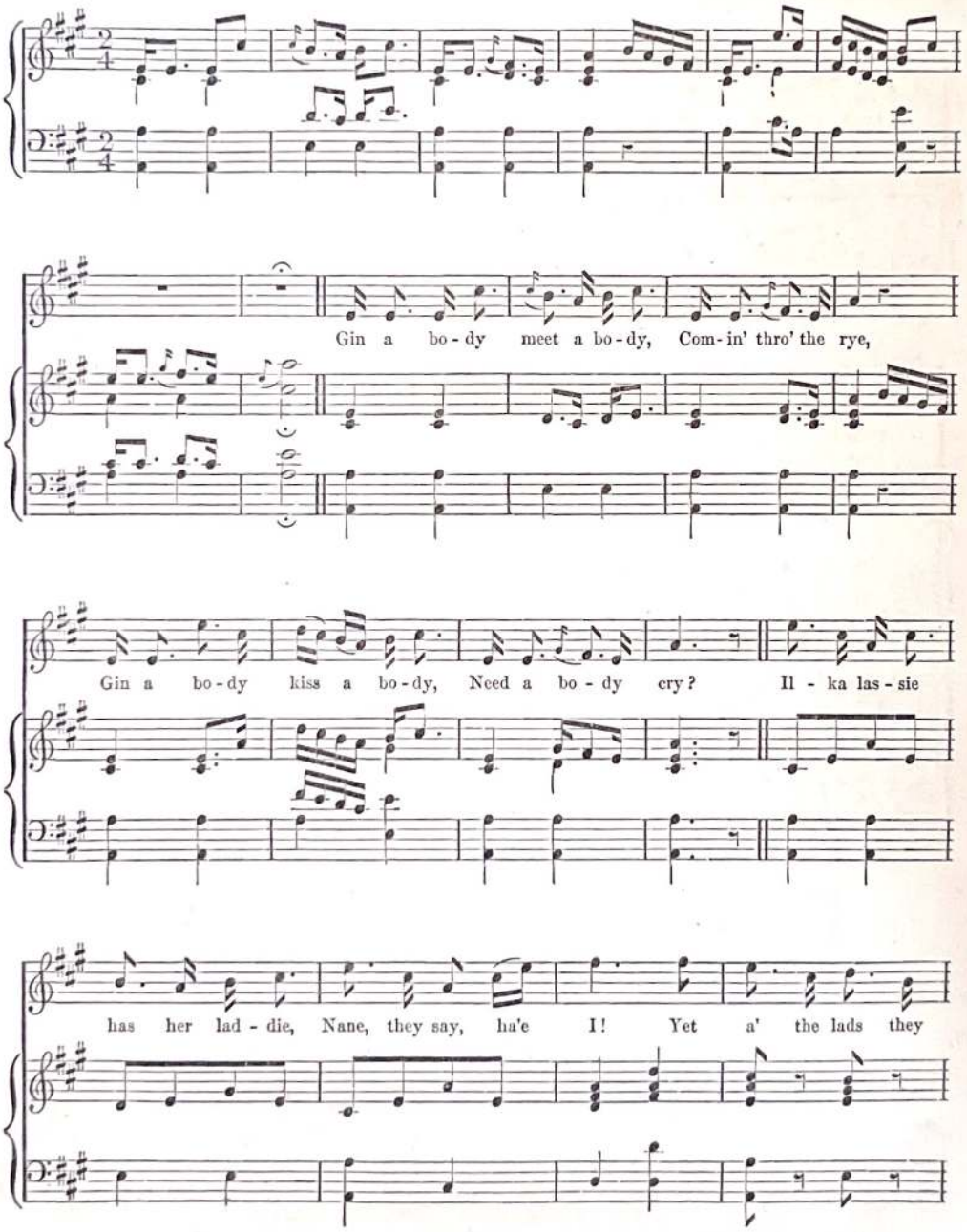
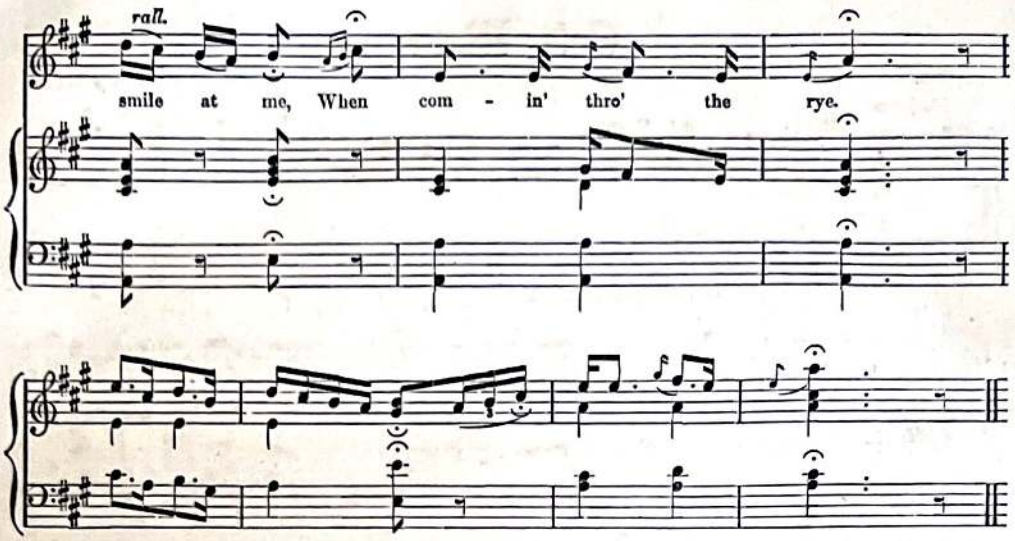
ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

*Moderato.*

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Char - lie, brave
Char - lie, Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, and dine with Mac - lean; And though you be
wea - ry, we'll make your heart chee-ry, And wel- come our Char-lie and his loy - al train.

We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the
breck - an, and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll har - ry, And bring to our
Char-lie, The cream from the bo - thy and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean:
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light, when kings dinna ken;
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

# Comin' thro' the Rye.

ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy, Com-in' thro' the rye,
Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, Need a bo-dy cry? Il-ka las-sie
has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I! Yet a' the lads they

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body gloom?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am I?

---

We subjoin the following song, which is very frequently sung to the same air:—

## DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E THEE.

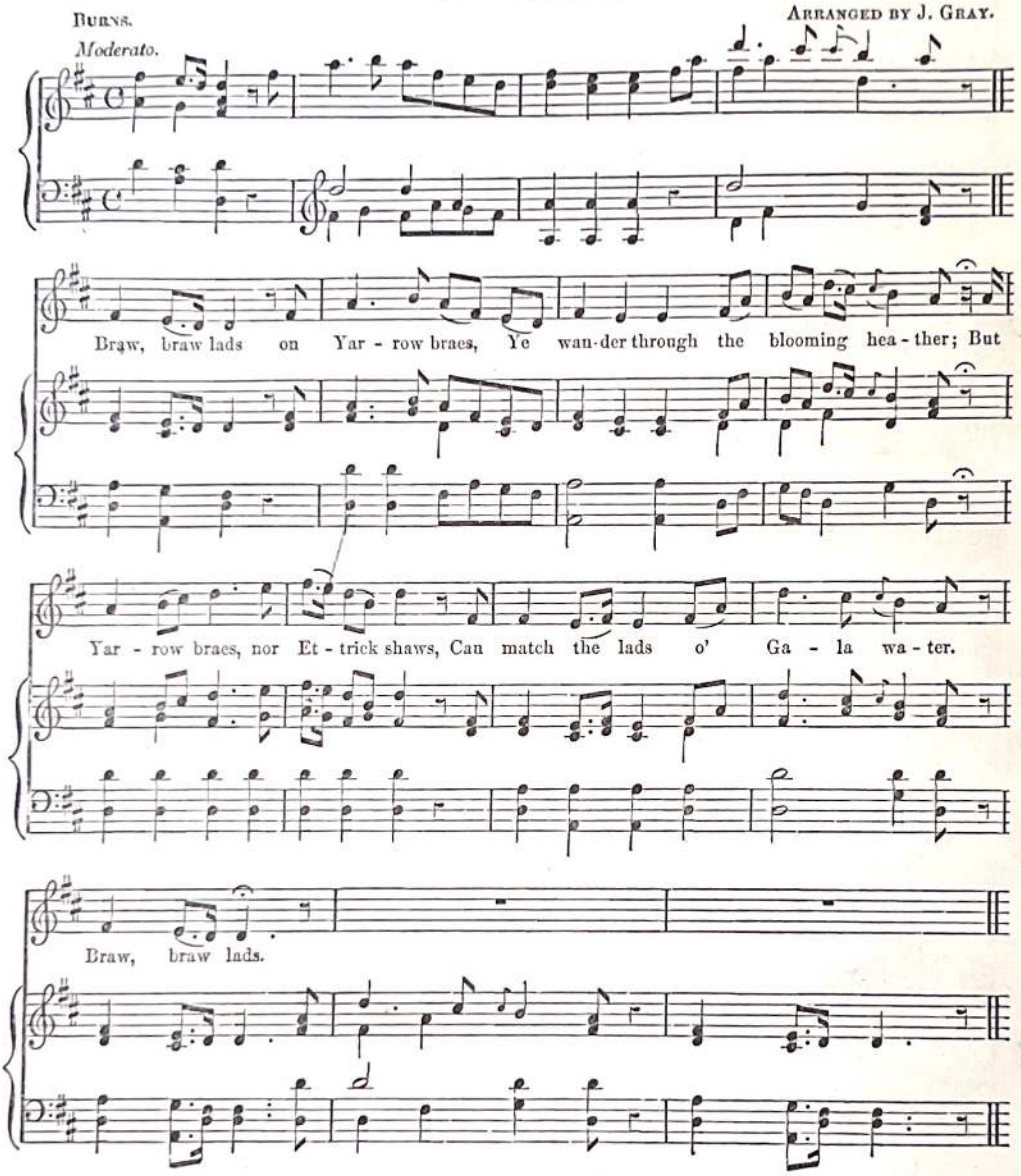
Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee:
Troth, I daurna tell:
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yoursel'.
Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true:
Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
And bonnier lasses see,
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me.
For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And oh, I'm sure, my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

# Gala Water.

BURNS. ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

*Moderato.*


Braw, braw lads on Yar - row braes, Ye wan-der through the blooming hea - ther; But
Yar - row braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga - la wa - ter.
Braw, braw lads.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
An' tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

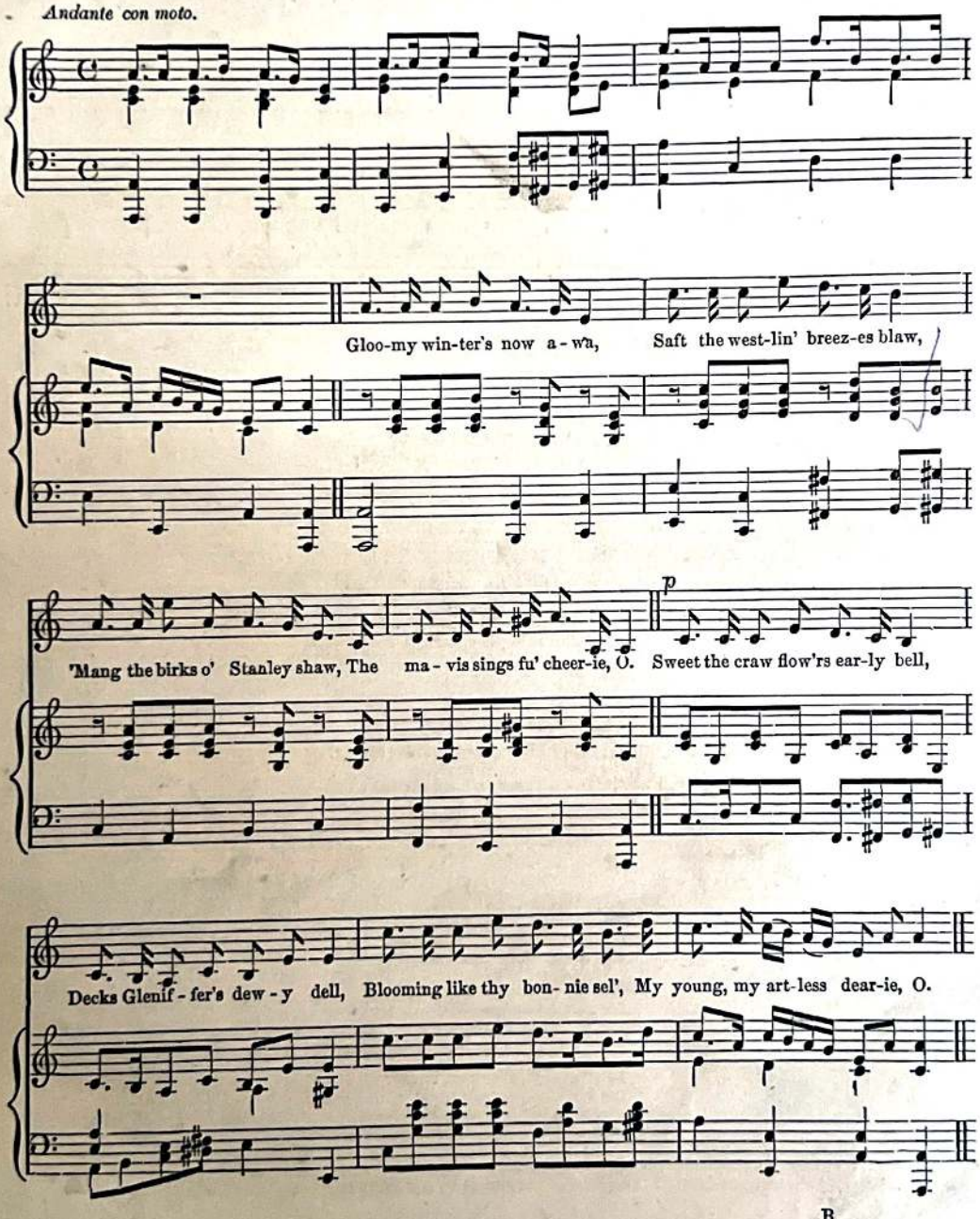
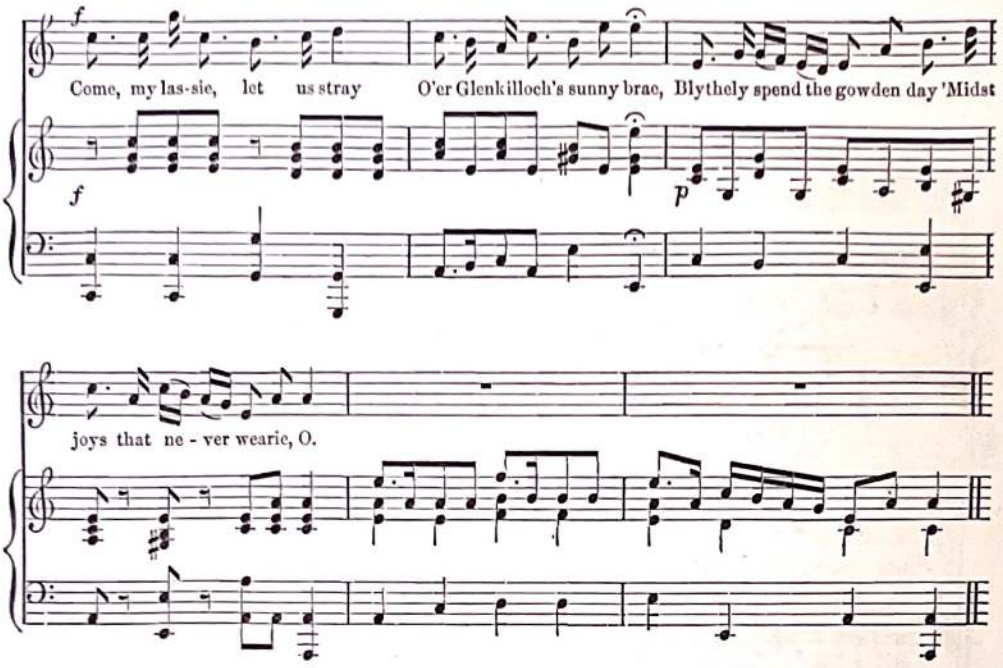
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

*** The singer may adopt or reject the concluding bar, to the words "Braw, braw lads." Although it does not belong to the original melody, we insert it because the air is generally sung so at the present time.

# Gloomy Winter's now Awa.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL. ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante con moto.*

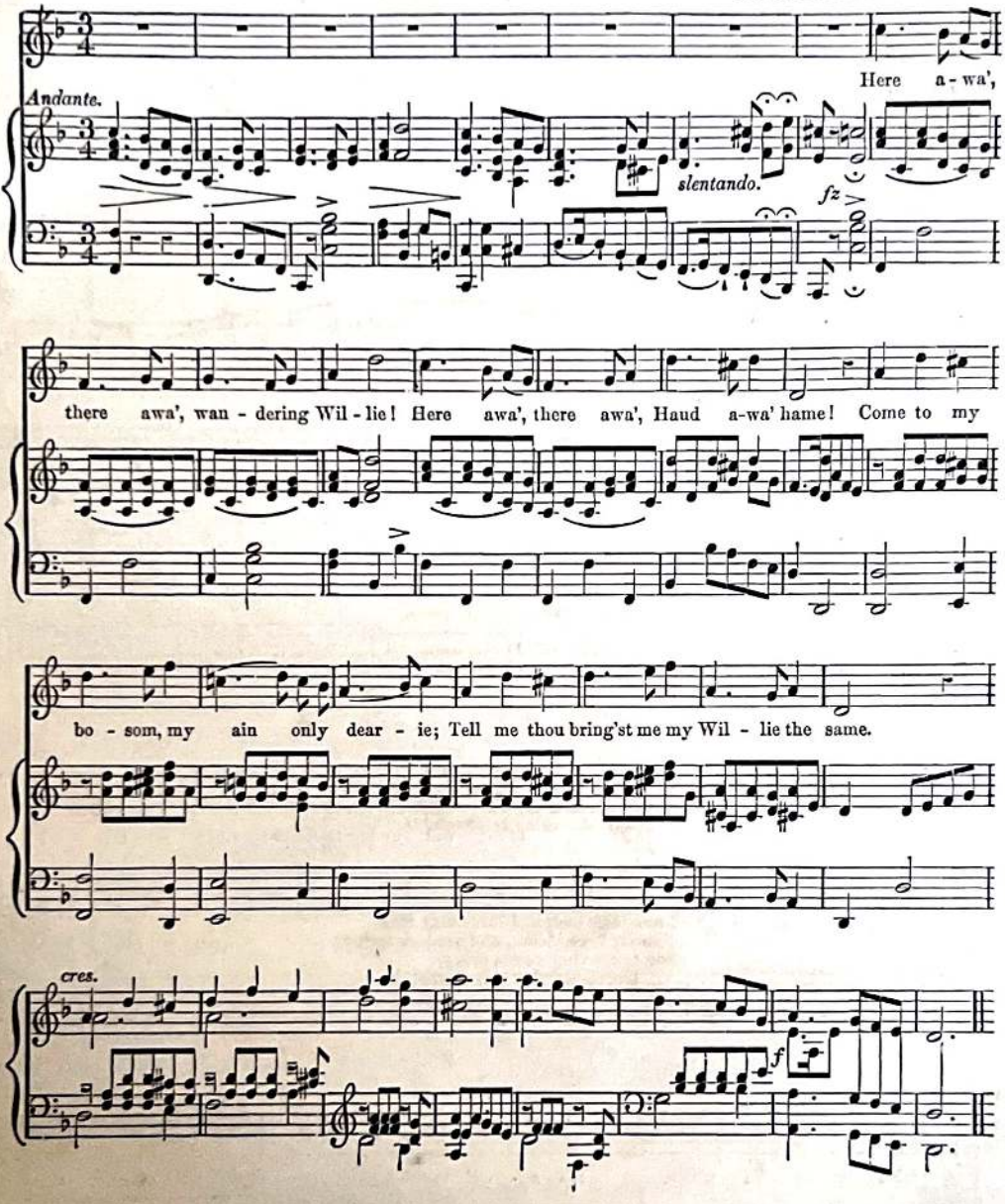

Gloo-my win-ter's now a-wa, Saft the west-lin' breez-es blaw,
p
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw, The ma-vis sings fu' cheer-ie, O. Sweet the craw flow'rs ear-ly bell,
Decks Glenif-fer's dew-y dell, Blooming like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my art-less dear-ie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs wi' downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

# Here Awa', there Awa'.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

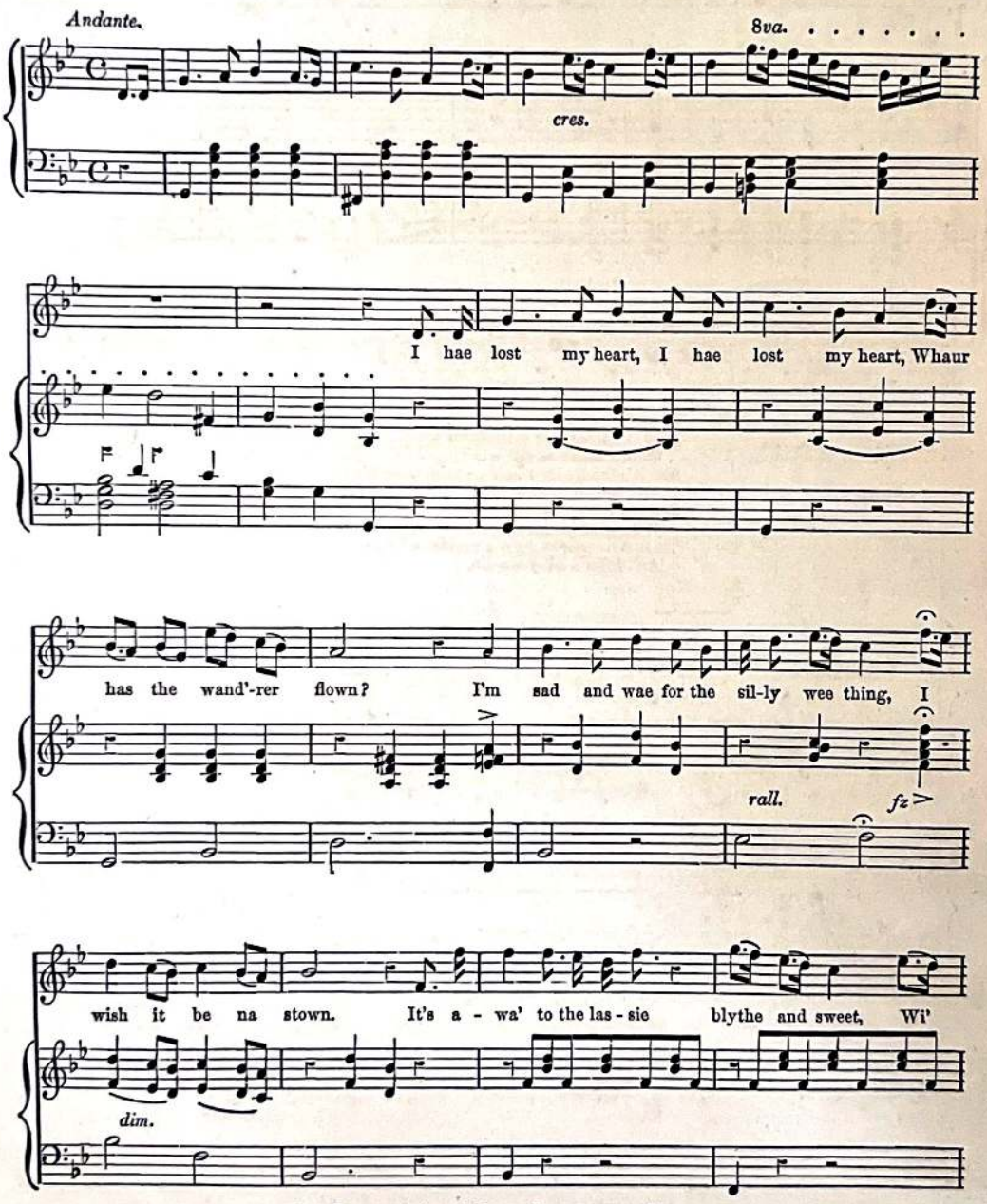

Here a - wa',
Andante.
slentando.
fz
there awa', wan - dering Wil - lie! Here awa', there awa', Haud a-wa' hame! Come to my
bo - som, my ain only dear - ie; Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.
cres.
f

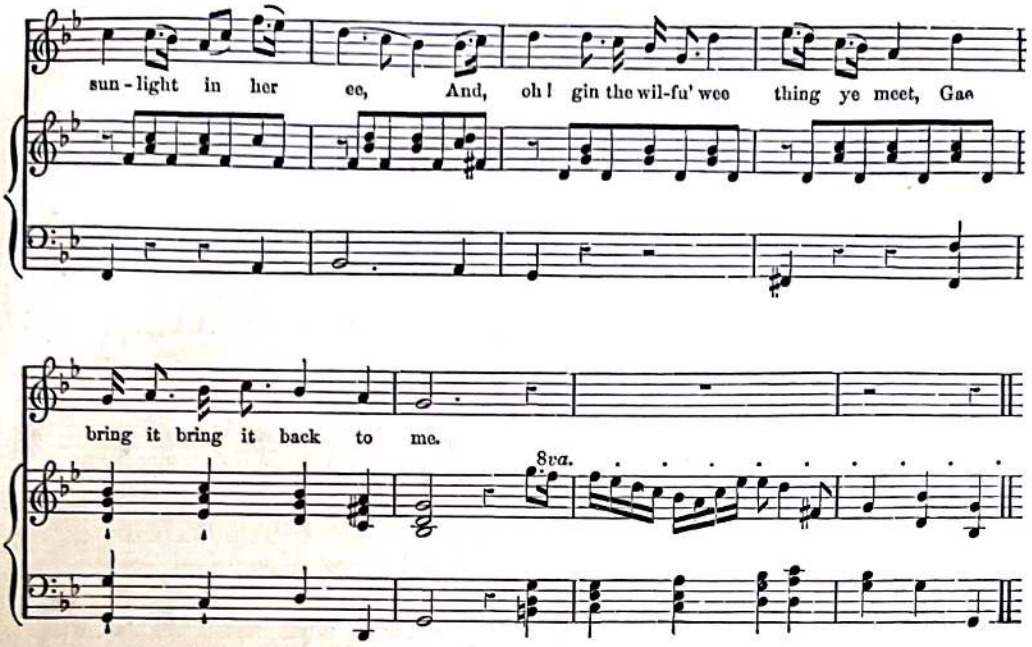
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin';
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:
Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie;
The summer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roarin' main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

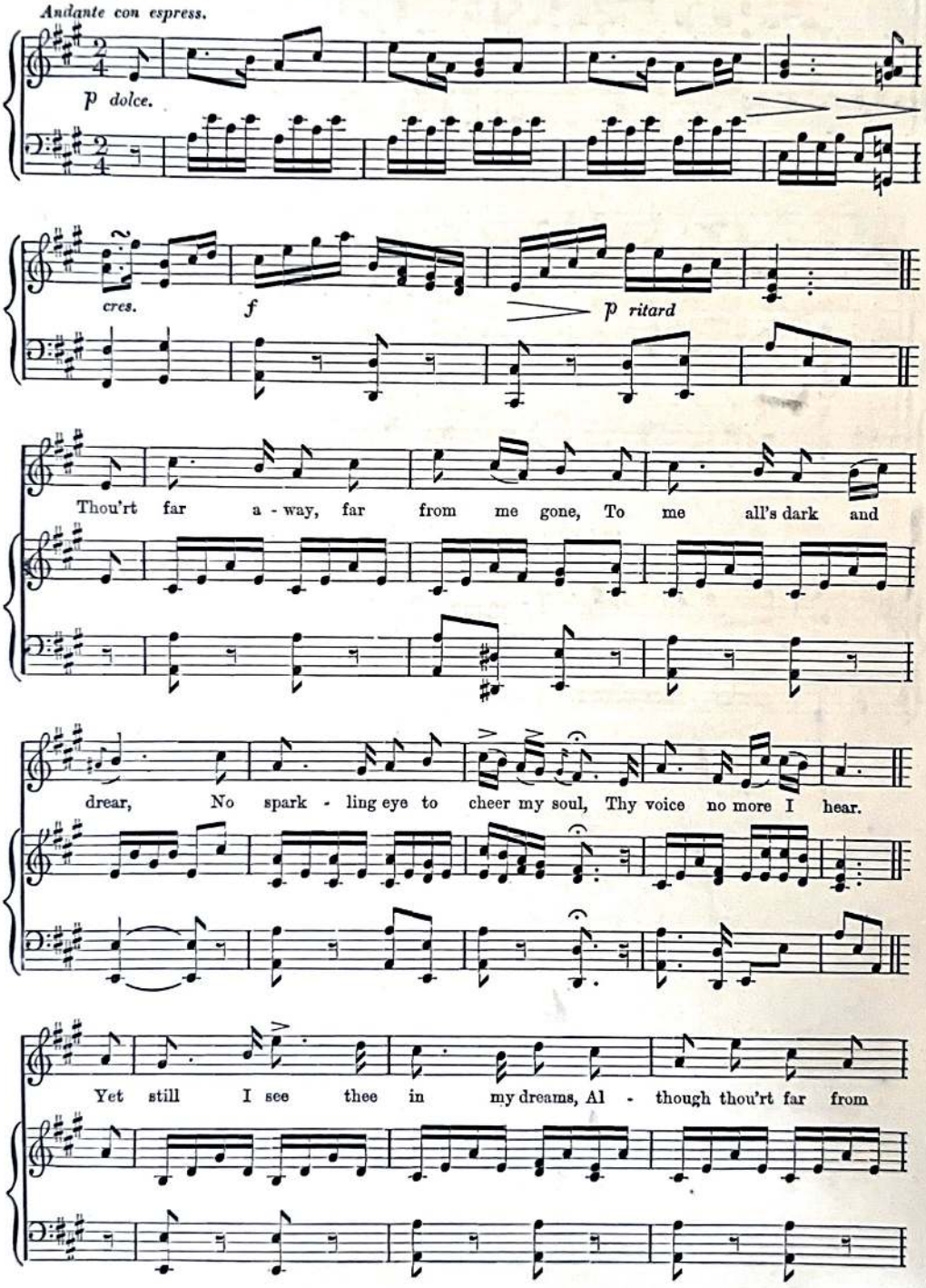
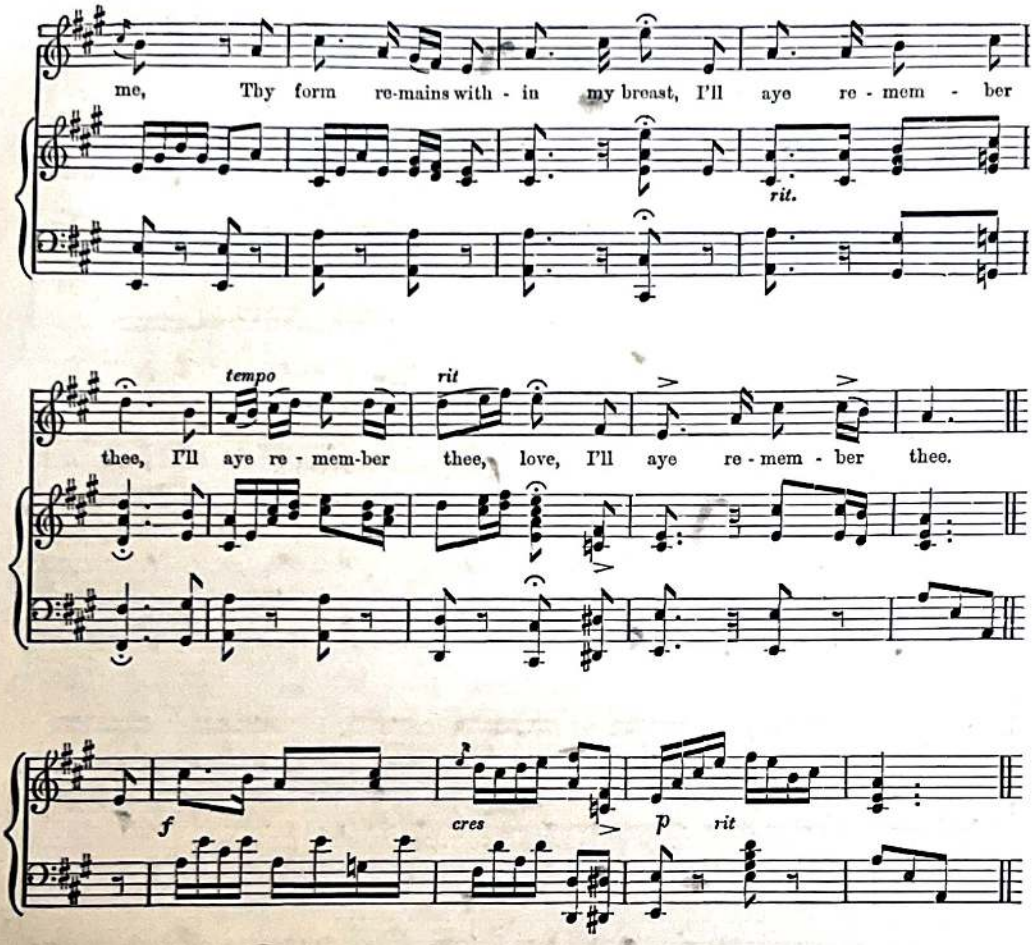
# I hae lost my Heart.

WORDS BY JAMES BALLANTYNE. MUSIC BY J. C. KIESER.

Andante.
8va.
cres.
I hae lost my heart, I hae lost my heart, Whaur
has the wand'-rer flown? I'm sad and wae for the sil-ly wee thing, I
rall.
fz
wish it be na stown. It's a - wa' to the las - sie blythe and sweet, Wi'
dim.

*** By permission of JAMES BALLANTYNE, Esq.

Oh! it's unco sair a lassie to lo'e,
Wha's fickle as the wind:
An' it's unco sair when ye tyne your heart,
Anither no to find:
But, oh! it's heaven the lassie to lo'e,
Wha gi'es ye love again
Then strive ye to gain a maiden's heart,
An' niffer't wi' your ain.

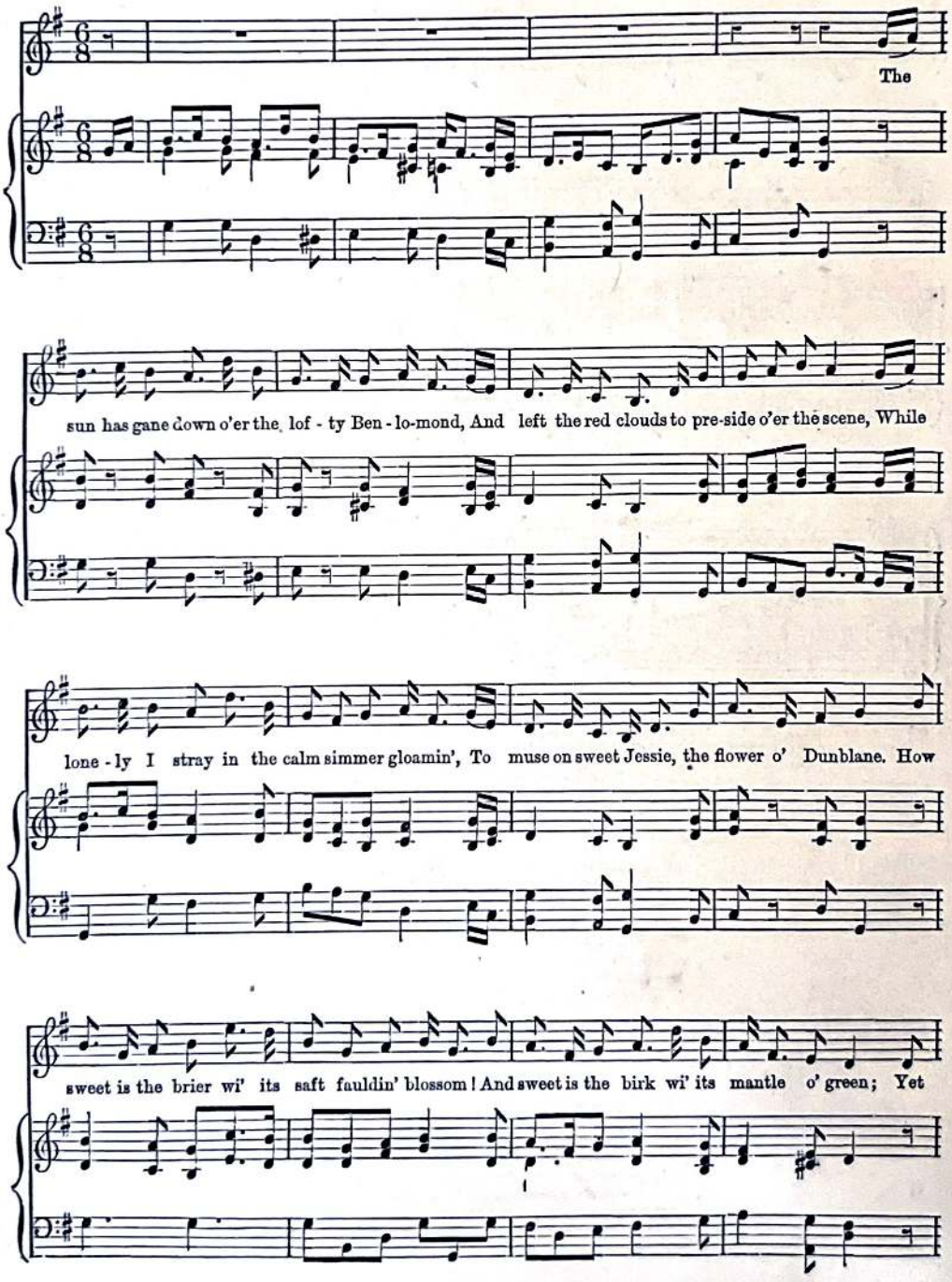
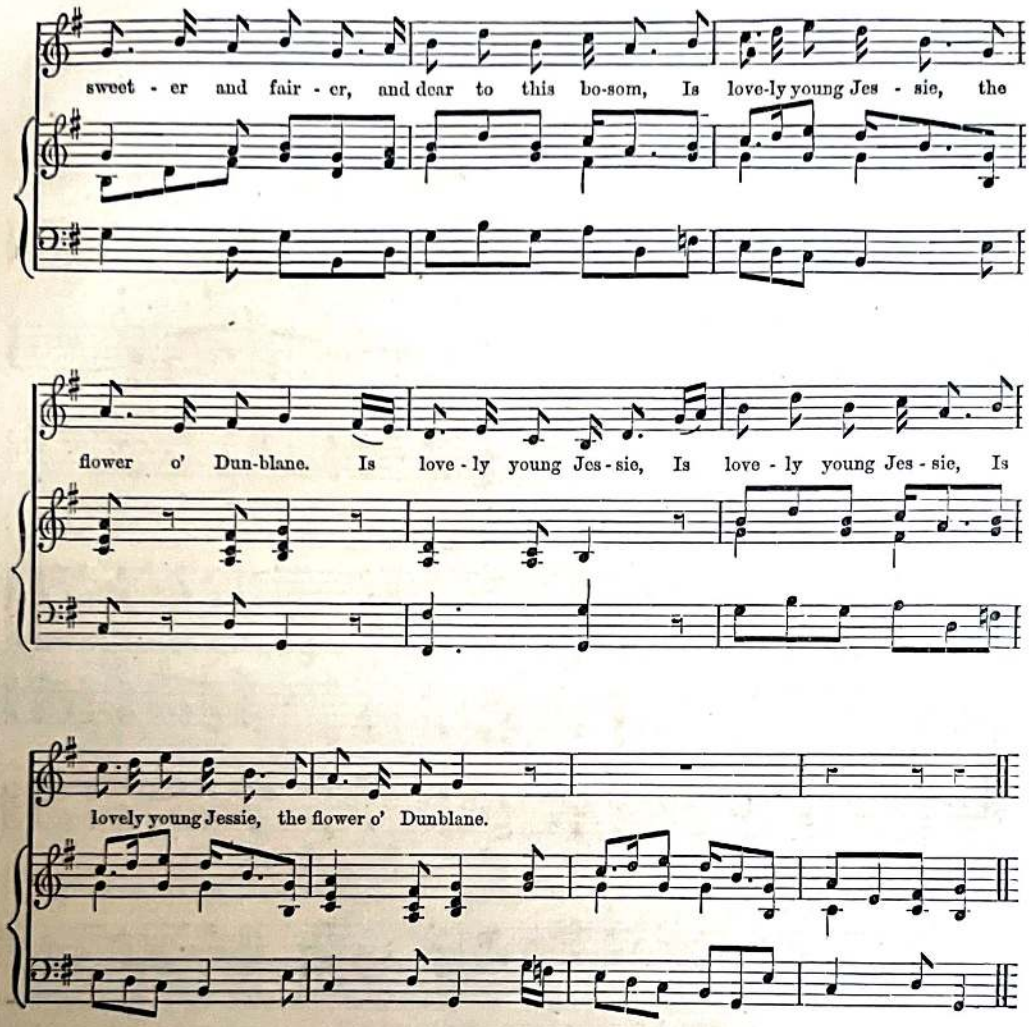
# I'll aye Remember Thee.

WORDS AND MELODY BY W. MILLAR. ARRANGED BY JAMES MAY.

*Andante con espress.*

p dolce.
cres.
f
p ritard
Thou'rt far a - way, far from me gone, To me all's dark and
drear, No spark - ling eye to cheer my soul, Thy voice no more I hear.
Yet still I see thee in my dreams, Al - though thou'rt far from

me, Thy form re-mains with - in my breast, I'll aye re - mem - ber
rit.
tempo
rit
thee, I'll aye re - mem-ber thee, love, I'll aye re - mem - ber thee.
f
cres
p
rit

How happy was I when I stray'd,
When thou wert by my side;
I lov'd to list the gentle tones,
That from sweet lips did glide.
Perhaps no more I'll hear thy voice,
Thy form no more may see;
Yet, in my breast, my only love,
I'll aye remember thee,
I'll aye remember thee, love,
I'll aye remember thee.

# Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.

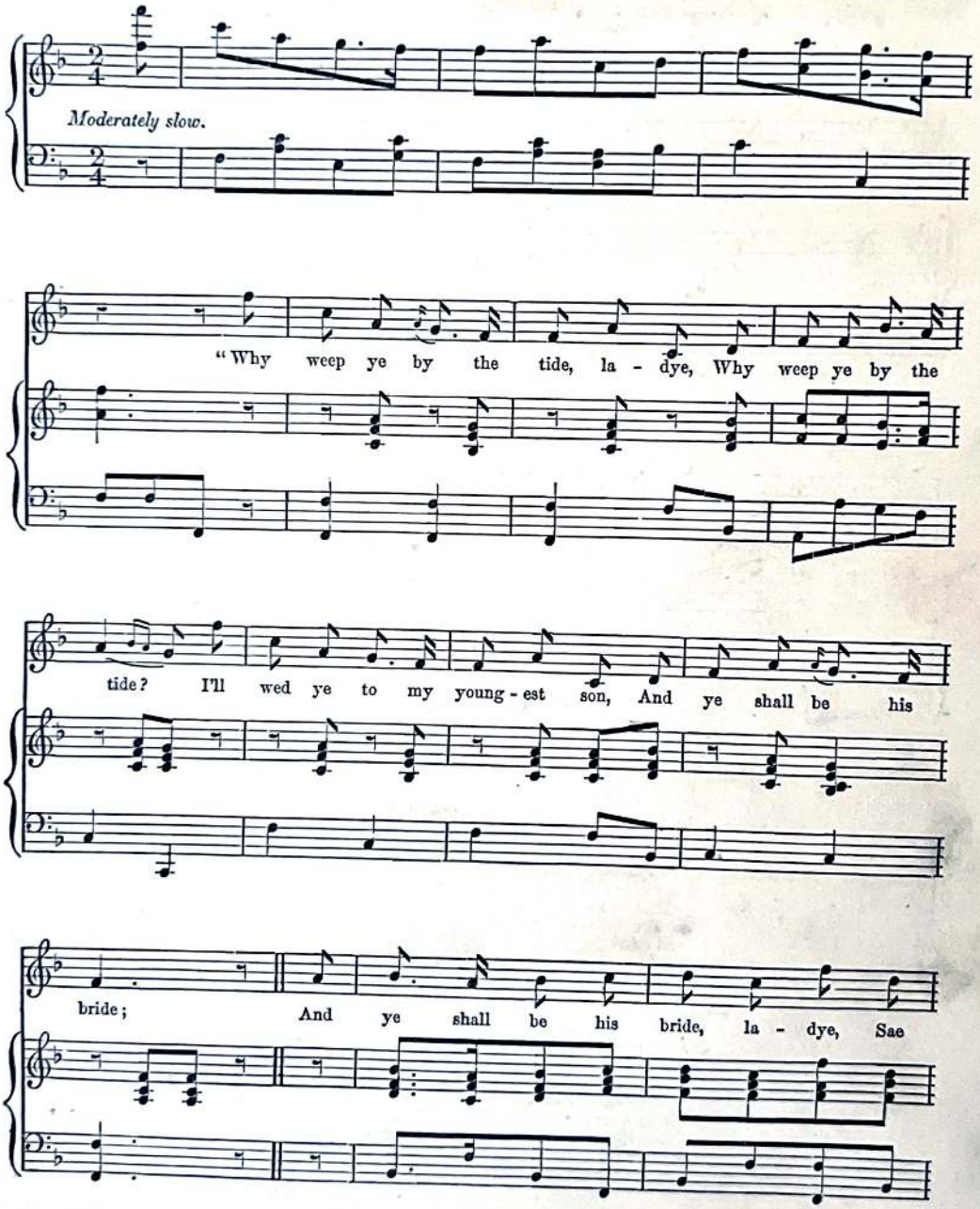
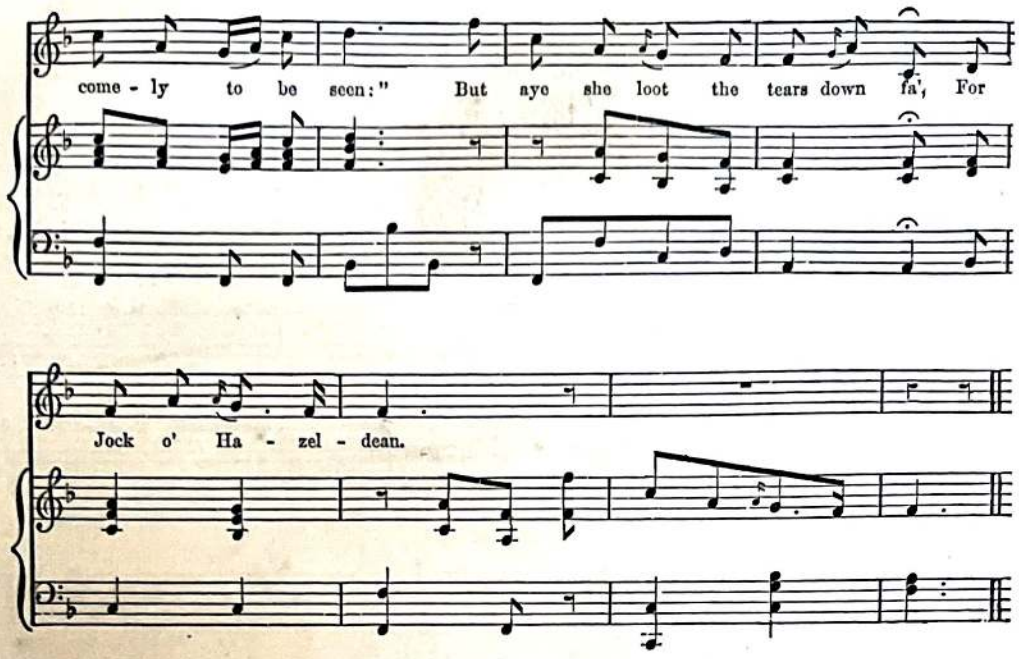
WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL. COMPOSED BY R. A. SMITH.

The
sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben - lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre-side o'er the scene, While
lone - ly I stray in the calm simmer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane. How
sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauldin' blossom! And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green; Yet

sweet - er and fair - er, and dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes - sie, the
flower o' Dun-blane. Is love - ly young Jes - sie, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, Is
lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the ev'ning,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

# Jock o' Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

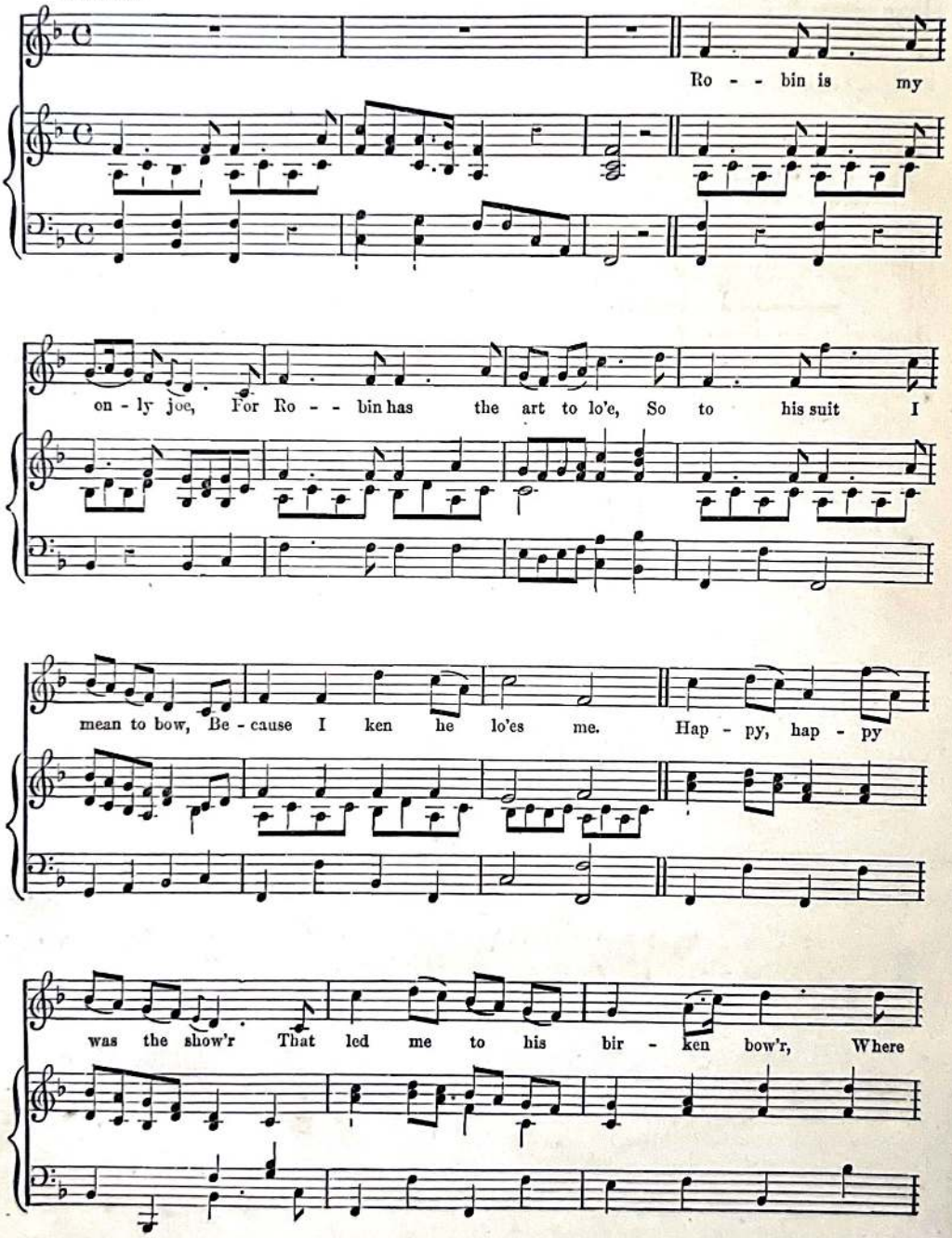
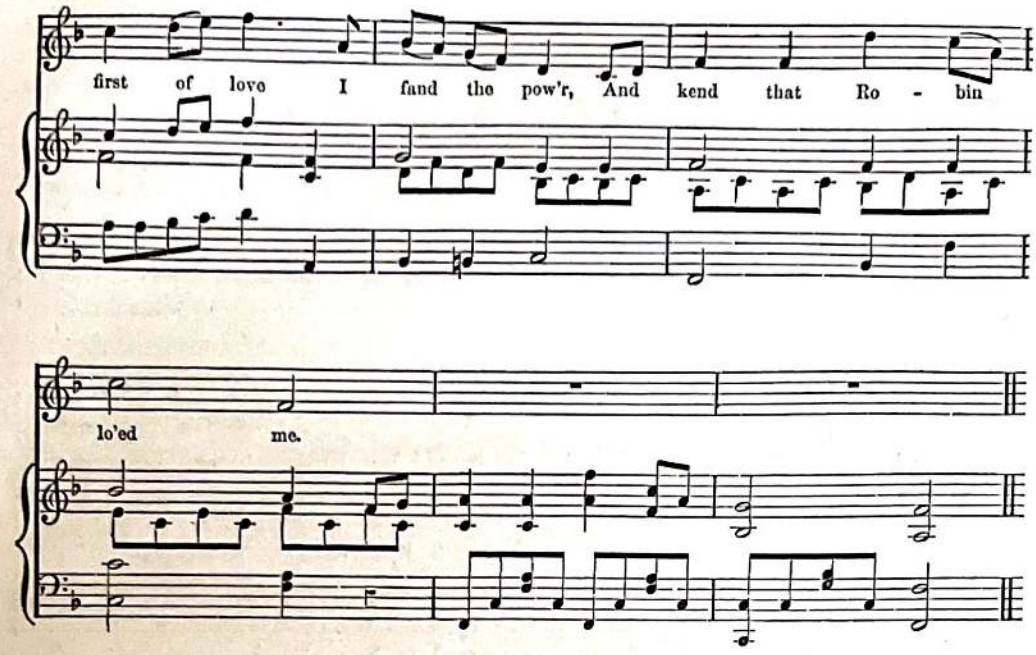

Moderately slow.
"Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye, Why weep ye by the
tide? I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his
bride; And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale.
His step is first in peacefu' ha',
His sword in battle keen:"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gowd ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen:"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
But ne'er a bride was there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The ladye was na seen;
She's owre the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

# Kind Robin Lo'es Me.

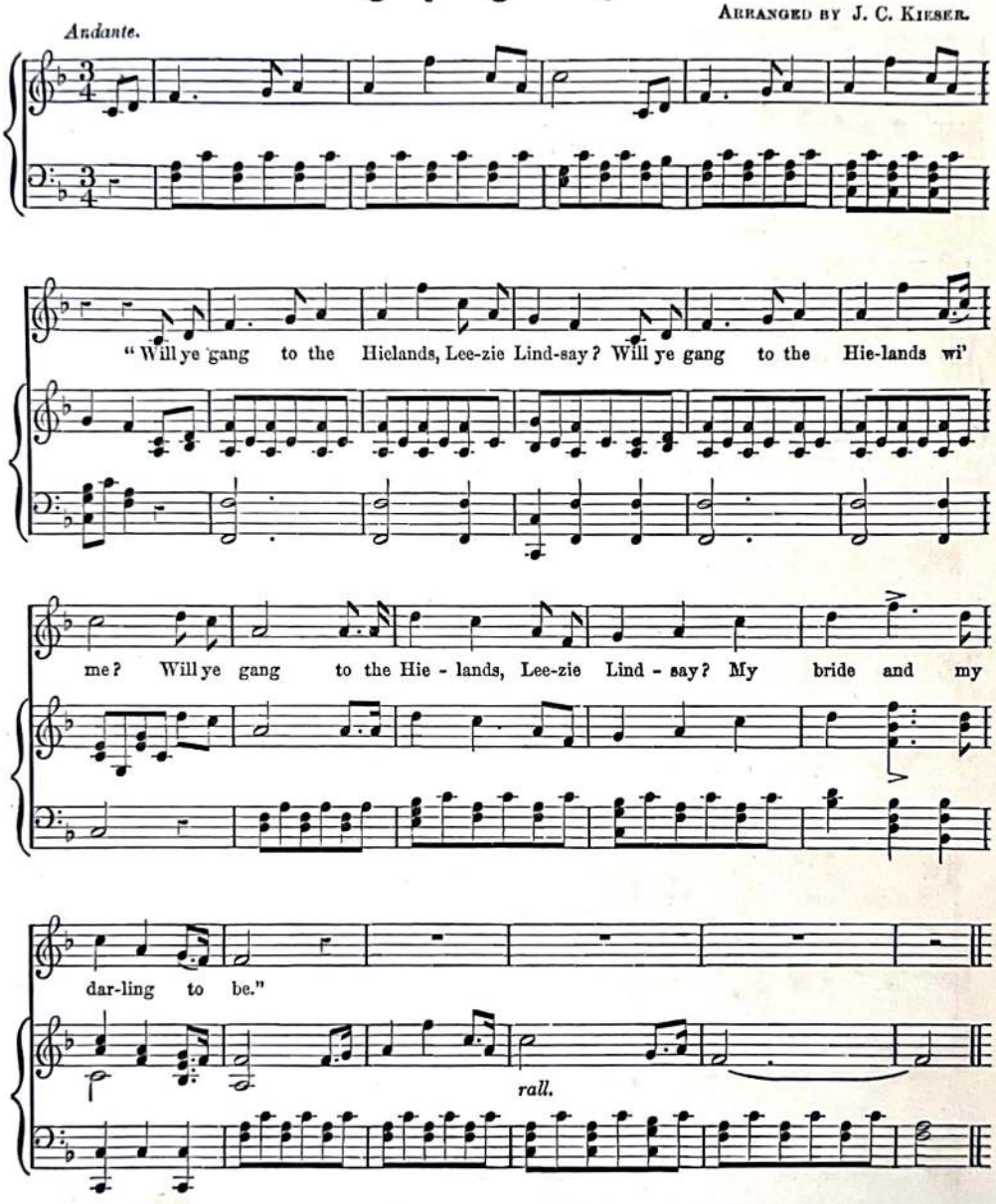
ARRANGED BY. J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

Ro - - bin is my
on - ly joe, For Ro - - bin has the art to lo'e, So to his suit I
mean to bow, Be - cause I ken he lo'es me. Hap - py, hap - py
was the show'r That led me to his bir - ken bow'r, Where

He's tall and soncy, frank and free,
Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,
  Because my Robin' lo'es me!
My sister Mary said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I, or lang, be made to see,
  That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, oh, so keen
  Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly ye lazy hours away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When, "Join your hands," Mess John shall say,
  And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

# Leezie Lindsay.

Arranged by J. C. Kieser.

*Andante.*

"Will ye gang to the Hielands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the Hie-lands wi'
me? Will ye gang to the Hie - lands, Lee-zie Lind - say? My bride and my
dar-ling to be."
rall.

"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, Sir,
Wad bring the saut tear to my e'e,
At leaving the green glens and woodlands,
And streams o' my ain countrie."

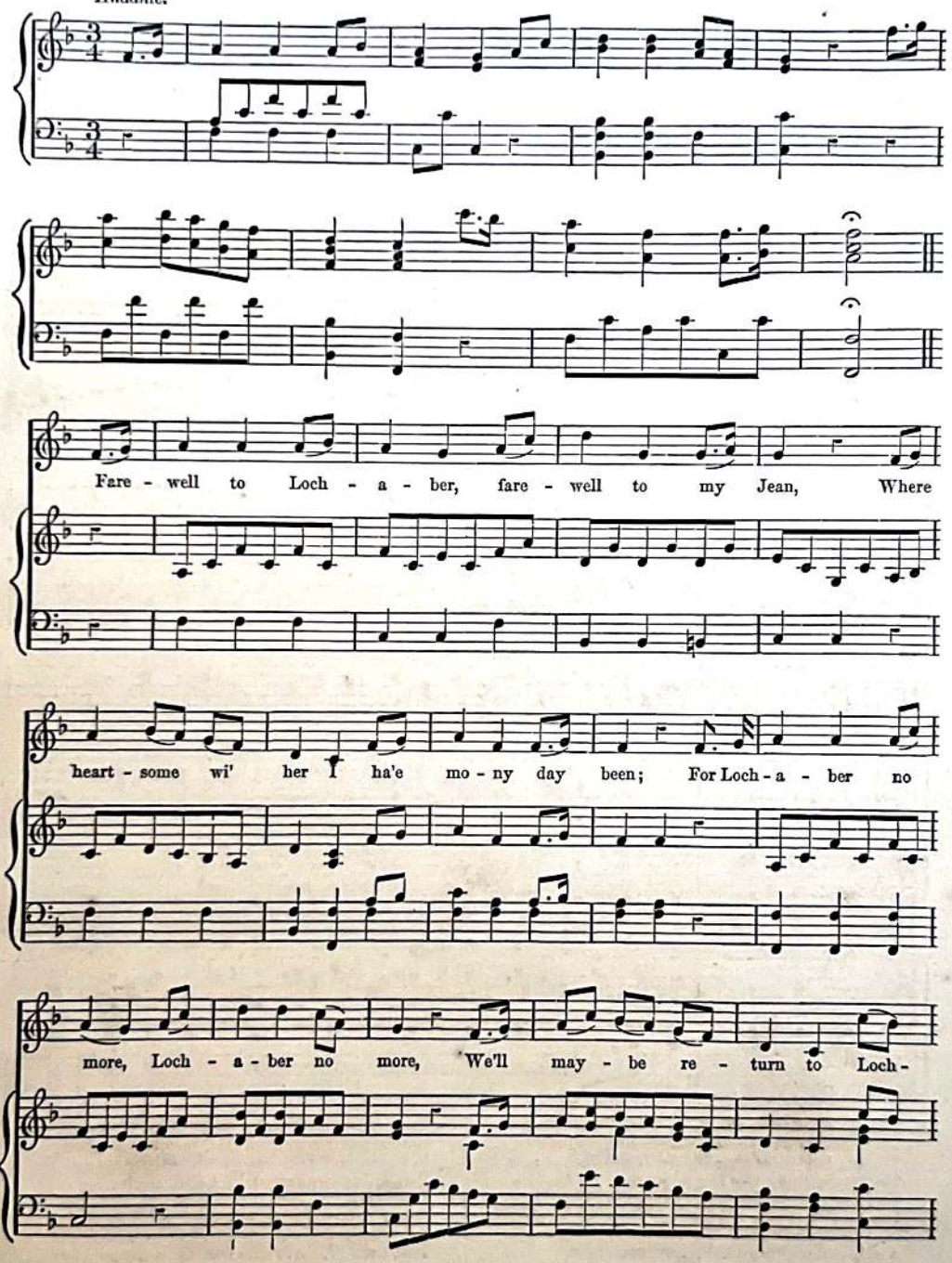
"Oh! I'll shew you the red-deer roaming,
On mountains where waves the tall pine;
And, far as the bound of the red-deer,
Ilk moorland and mountain is mine.

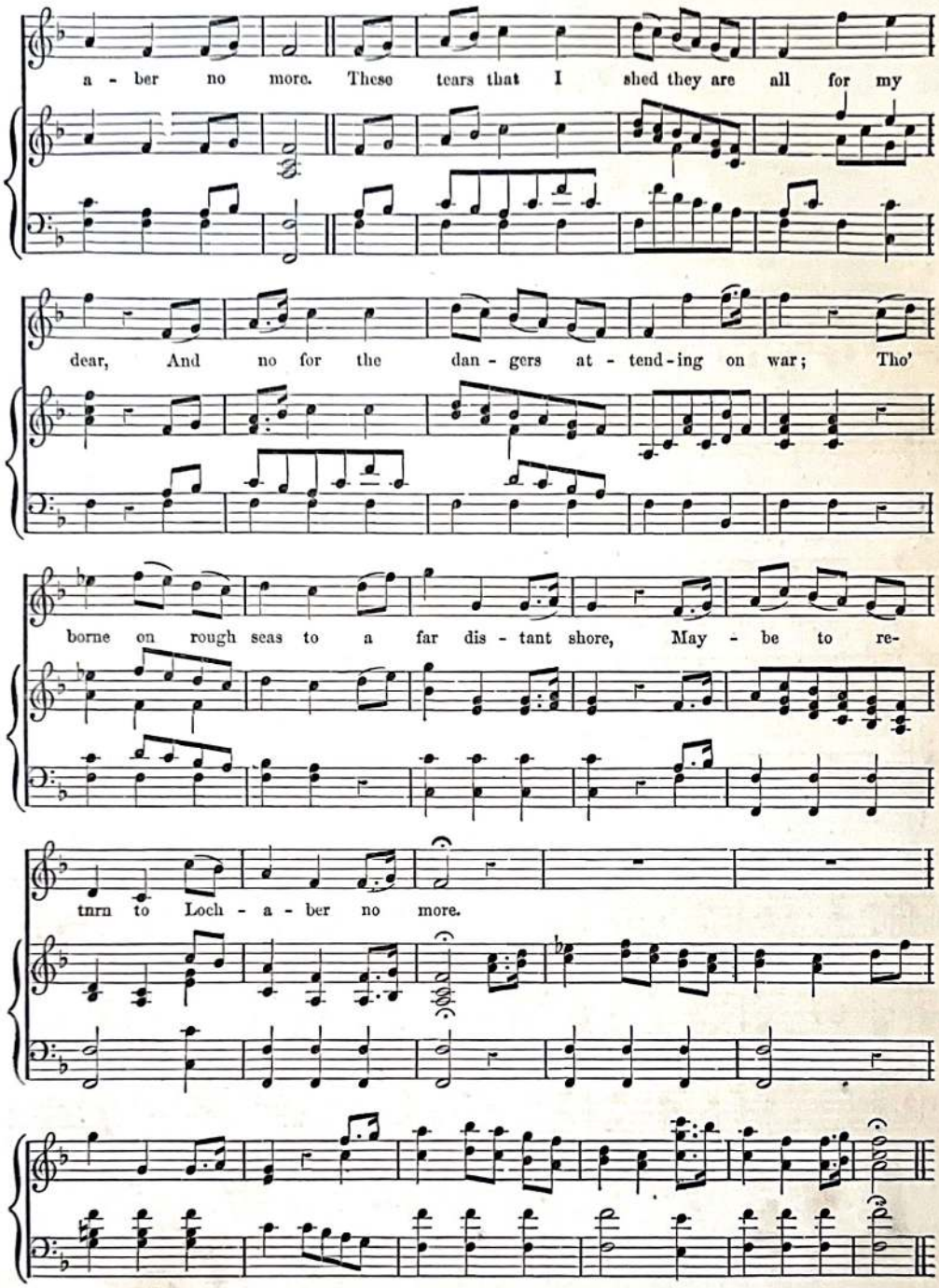
"A thousand claymores I can muster,
Ilk blade and its bearer the same;
And, when round their chieftain they rally,
The gallant Argyle is my name."

There's dancing and joy in the Hielands,
There's piping, and gladness, and glee,
For Argyle has brought hame Leezie Lindsay,
His bride and his darling to be!

# Lochaber no More.

*Andante.* ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.


Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my Jean, Where
heart - some wi' her I ha'e mo - ny day been; For Loch - a - ber no
more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may - be re - turn to Loch -

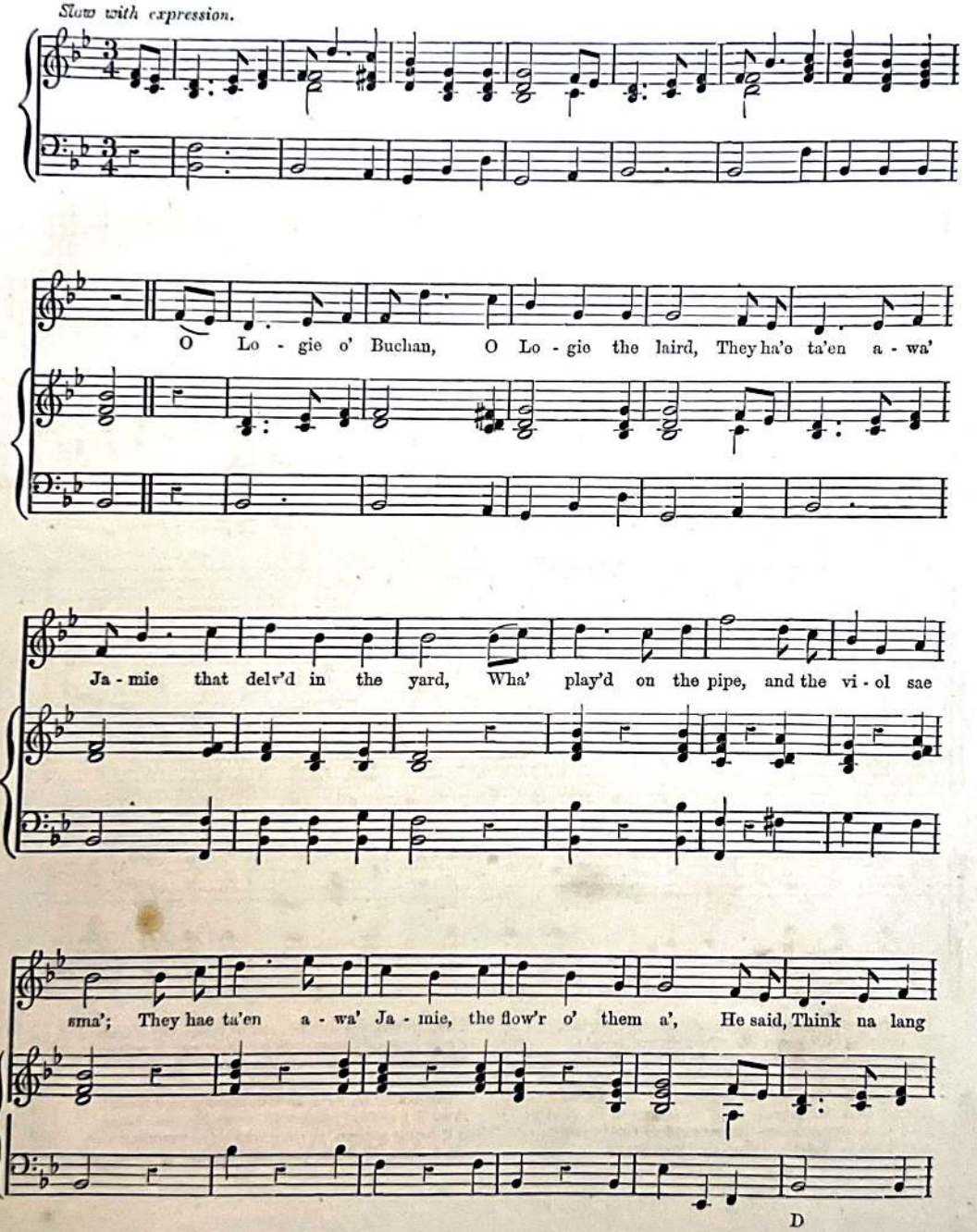

a - ber no more. These tears that I shed they are all for my
dear, And no for the dan - gers at - tend - ing on war; Tho'
borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant shore, May - be to re-
turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

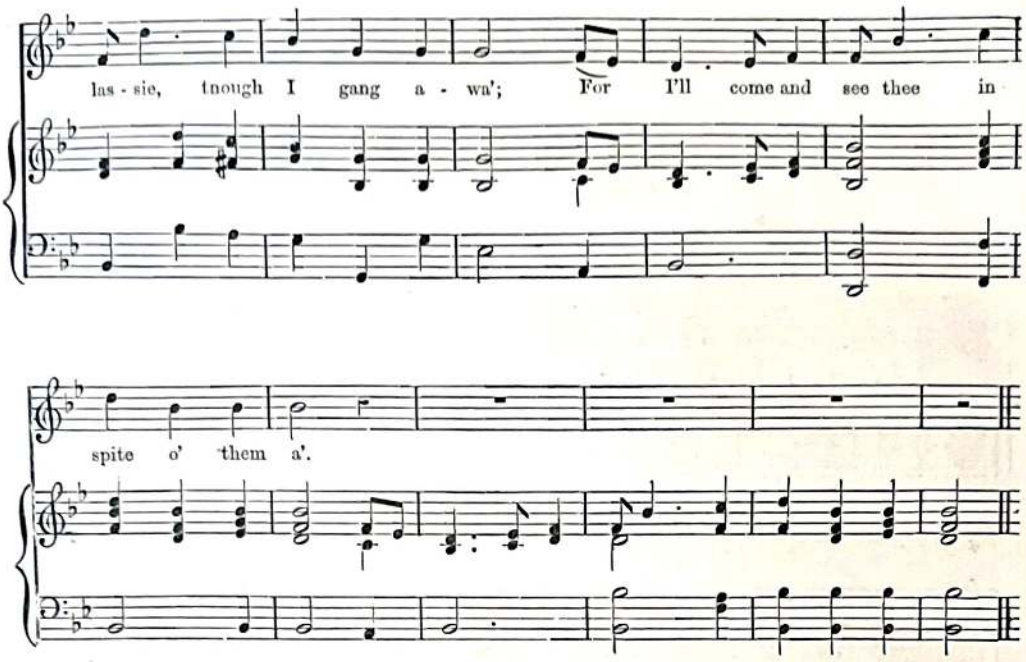
Though hurricanes rise, though rise ev'ry wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more

# Logie o' Buchan.

*Slow with expression.*


O Lo - gie o' Buchan, O Lo - gie the laird, They ha'e ta'en a - wa'
Ja - mie that delv'd in the yard, Wha' play'd on the pipe, and the vi - ol sae
sma'; They hae ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them a', He said, Think na lang

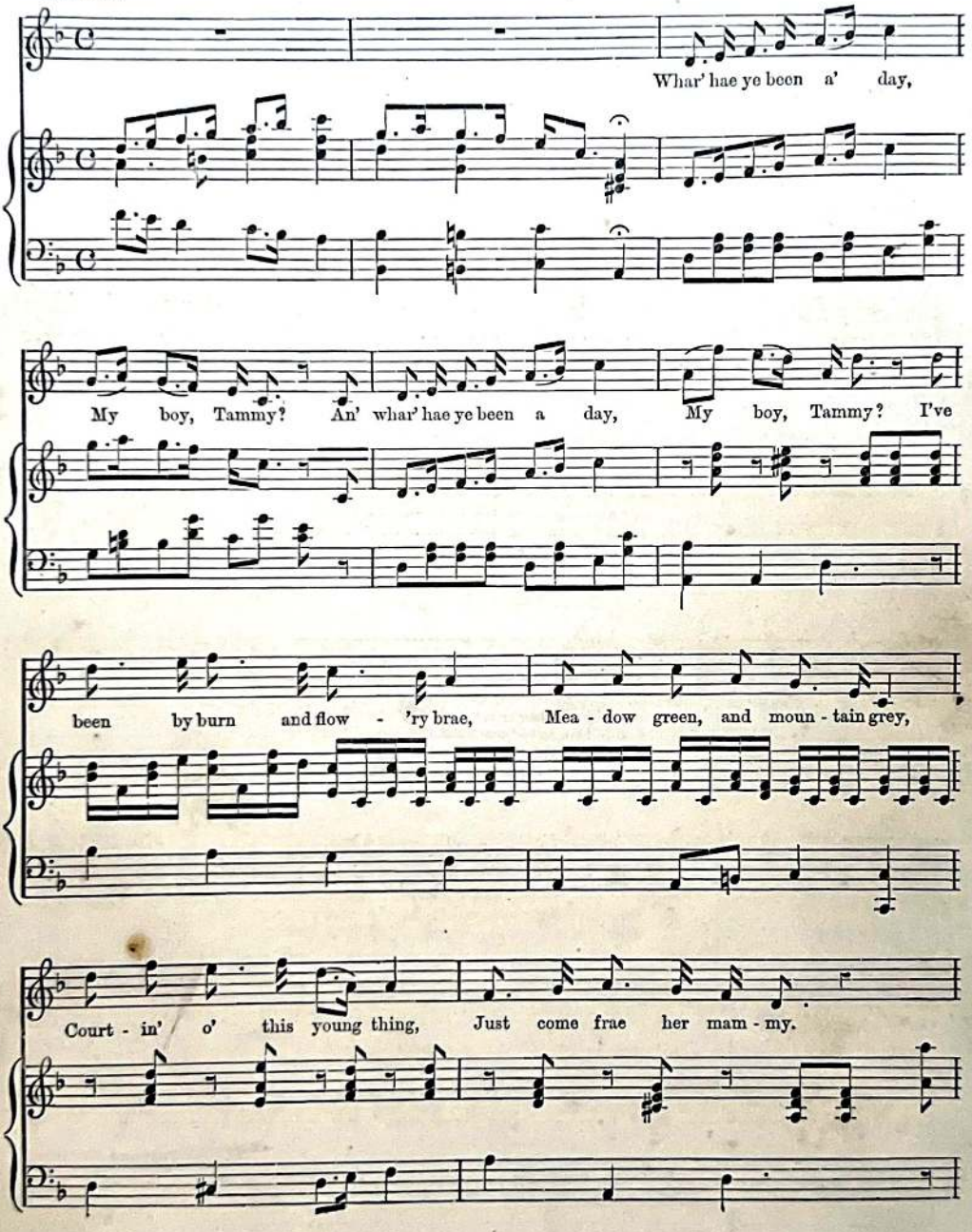
D

Though Sandie has owsen, has gear, and has kye,
A house, an' a hadden, an' siller forbye,
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his houses an' land.
But simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
An' he'll come an' see me in spite o' them a'.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They gloom upon Jamie because he is puir:
Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They are no half so dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
For I'll come an' see thee in spite o' them a.'

I sit on my creepie, an' spin at my wheel,
An' think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
An' he ga'e me the half o't when he gaed awa',
But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa.

# My Boy, Tammy.

WRITTEN BY HECTOR MACNEIL. ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

Whar' hae ye been a' day,
My boy, Tammy? An' whar' hae ye been a day, My boy, Tammy? I've
been by burn and flow - 'ry brae, Mea - dow green, and moun - tain grey,
Court - in' o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam - my.

An' whar' gat ye that young thing,
My boy, Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her puir mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy, Tammy?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';—
An' pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beatin' heart,
My young, my smilin' lammie!
I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishin' an' gear;
Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

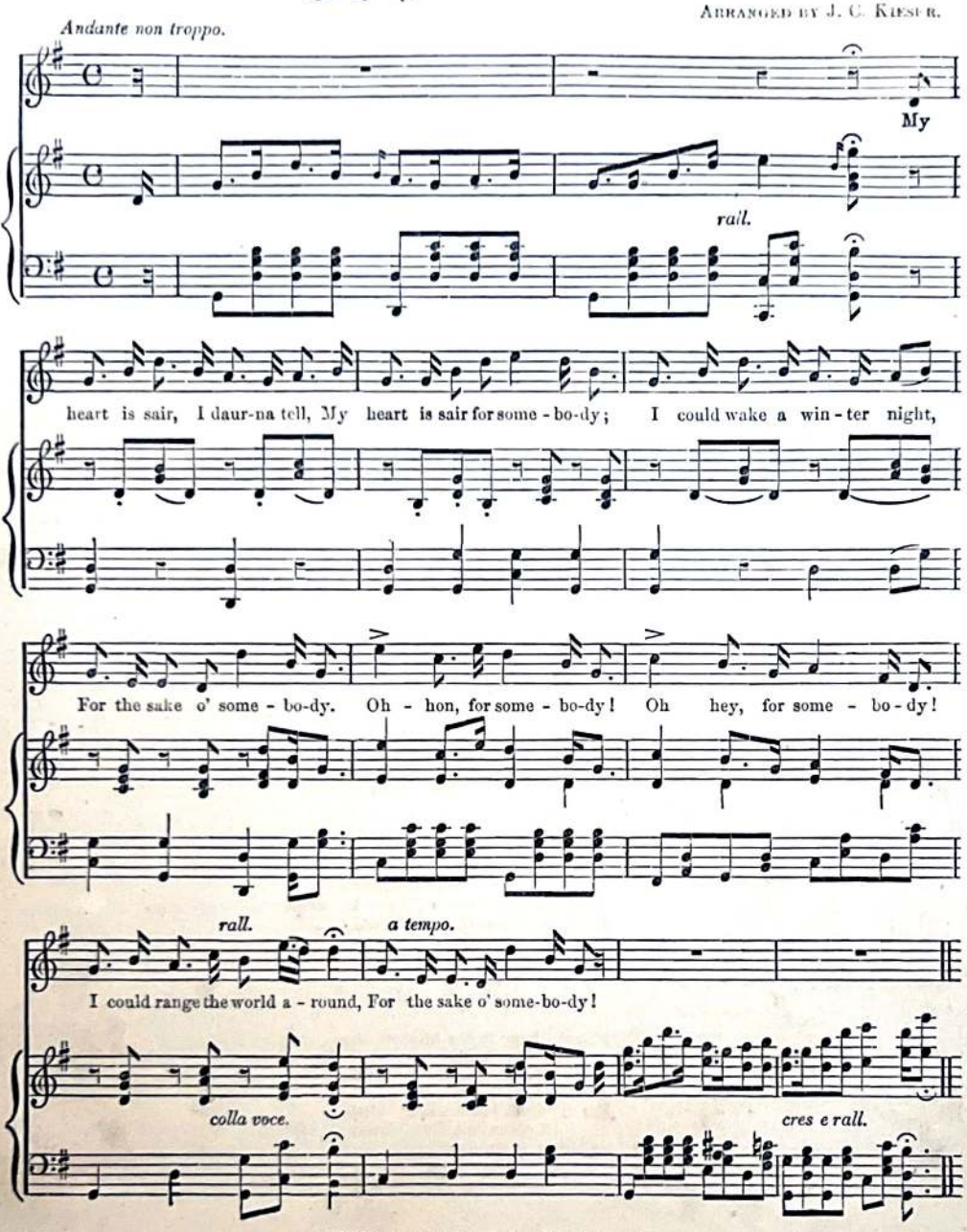
The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
I manna leave my mammy.
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought monie waes!—
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame, an' mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie.
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gi'es her hand, an' says—
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy, Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
An' the tear was in her e'e;
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

# My Heart is Sair.

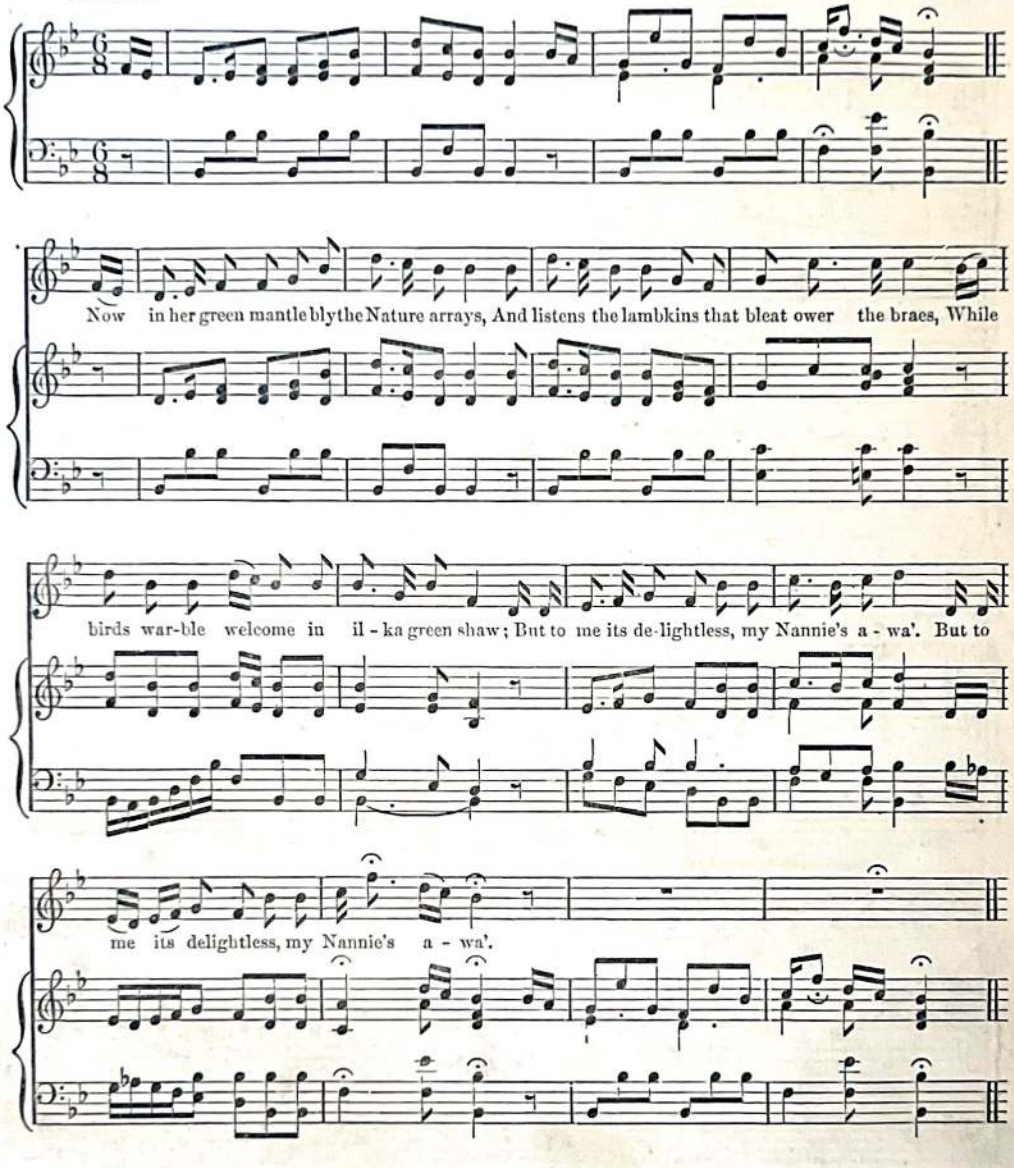
ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESUR.


Andante non troppo.
My
rall.
heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for some - bo-dy; I could wake a win - ter night,
For the sake o' some - bo-dy. Oh - hon, for some - bo-dy! Oh hey, for some - bo - dy!
rall.
a tempo.
I could range the world a - round, For the sake o' some-bo-dy!
colla voce.
cres e rall.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon, for somebody!
Oh hey, for somebody!
I wad do—wnat wad I not?—
For the sake o' somebody.

# My Nannie's Awa'.

ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

*Moderato.*

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, And listens the lambkins that bleat ower the braes, While
birds war-ble welcome in il - ka green shaw; But to me its de-lightless, my Nannie's a - wa'. But to
me its delightless, my Nannie's a - wa'.

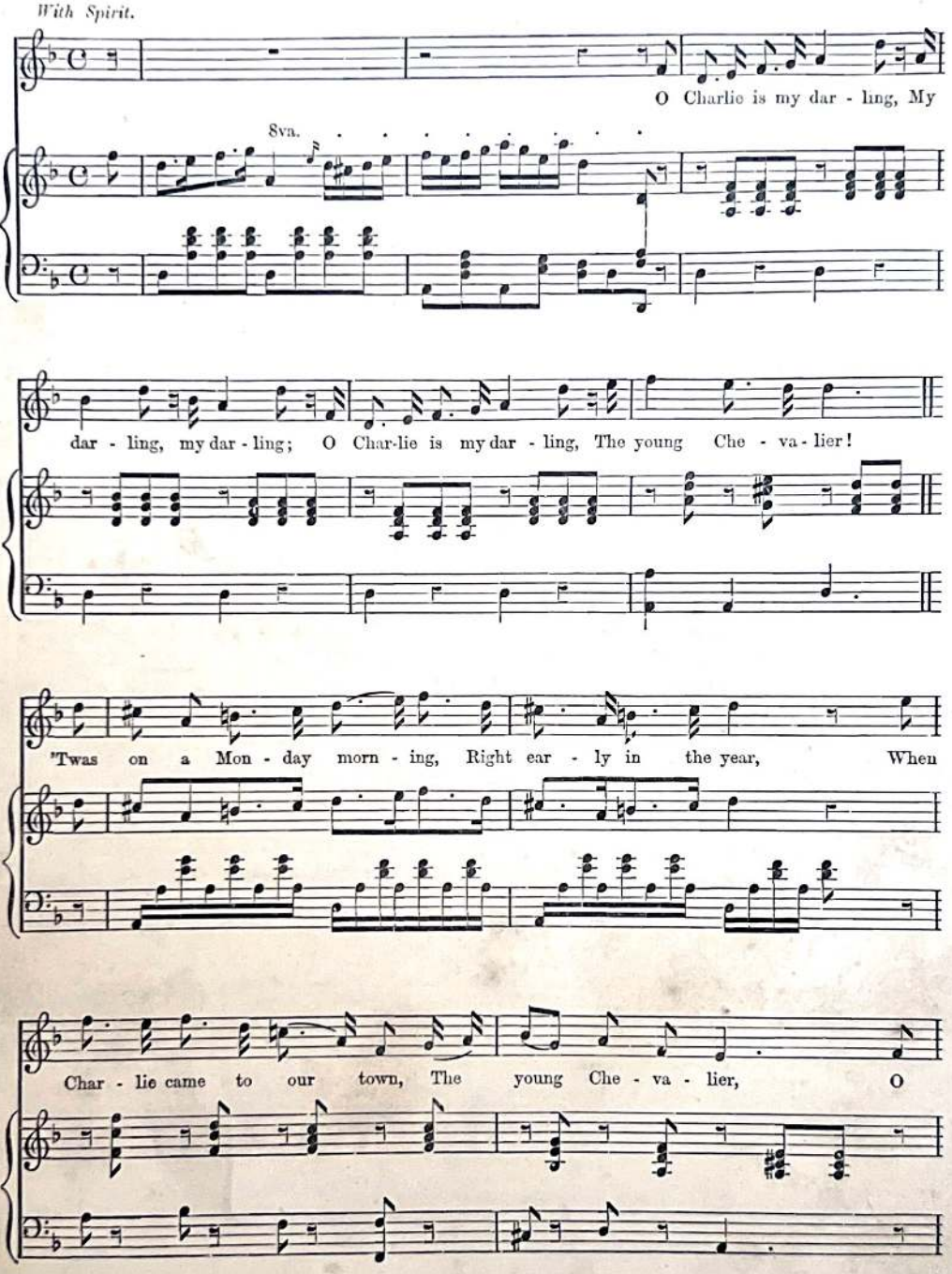
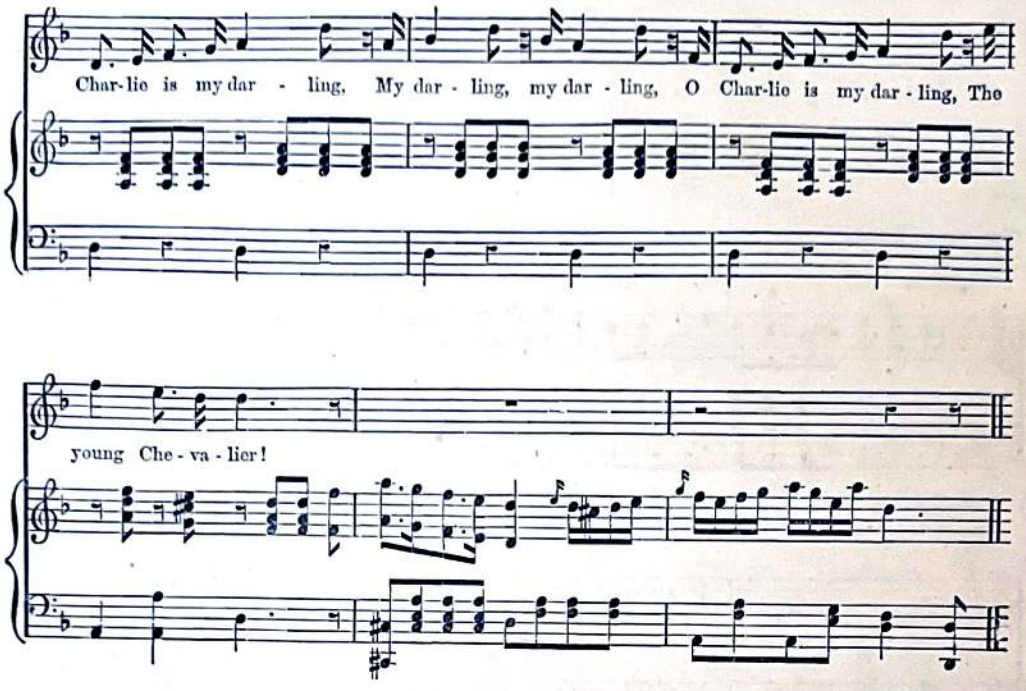
The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'

# O Charlie is my Darling.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With Spirit.*

O Charlie is my dar - ling, My
8va.
dar - ling, my dar - ling; O Char-lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier!
'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When
Char - lie came to our town, The young Che - va - lier, O

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the folks came rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

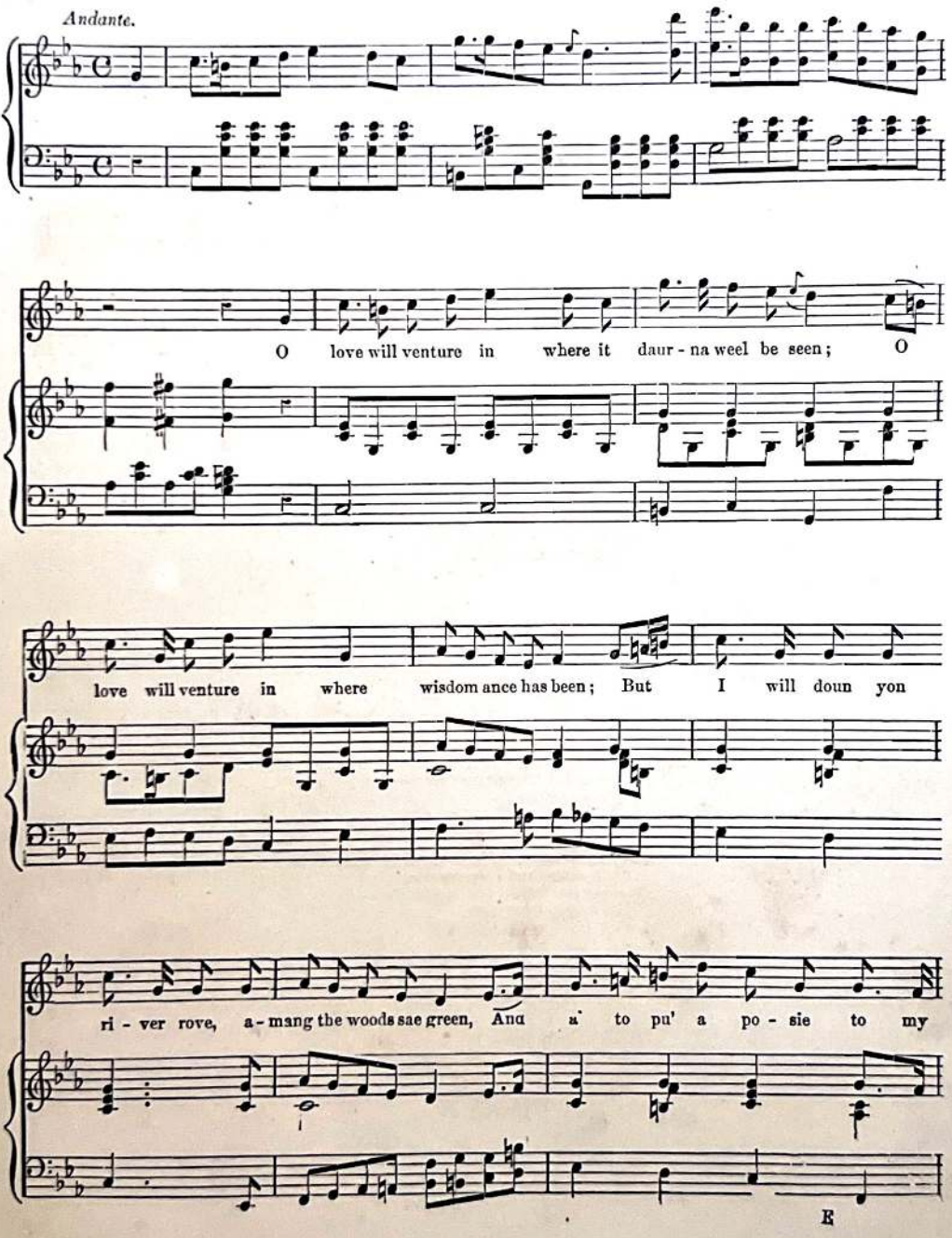
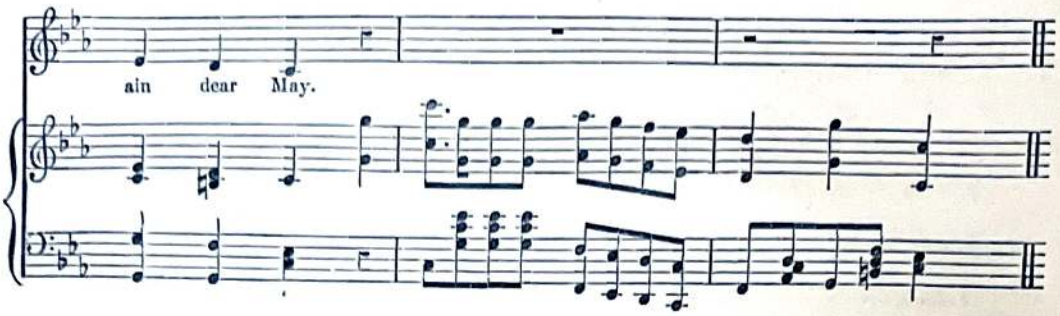
Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the Sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

Oh there were mony beating hearts,
And mony hopes and fears;
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

# O Love will Venture In.

WRITTEN BY BURNS. ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

O love will venture in where it daur - na weel be seen; O
love will venture in where wisdom ance has been; But I will doun yon
ri - ver rove, a - mang the woods sae green, And a' to pu' a po - sie to my
E

The primrose I will pu', the firstlin' o' the year;
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer:—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the buddin' rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchangin' blue:—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity, of unaffected air:—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away:—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

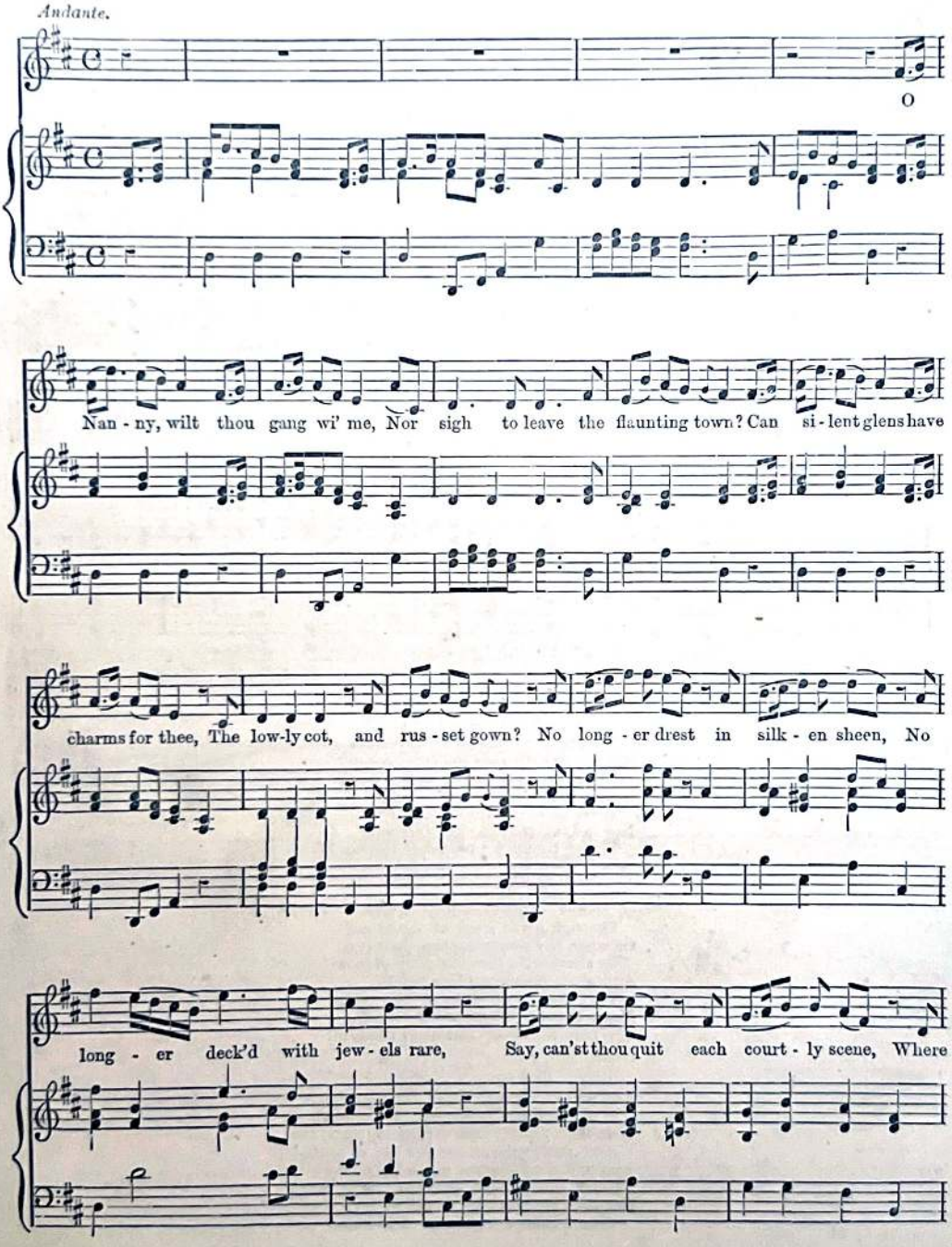
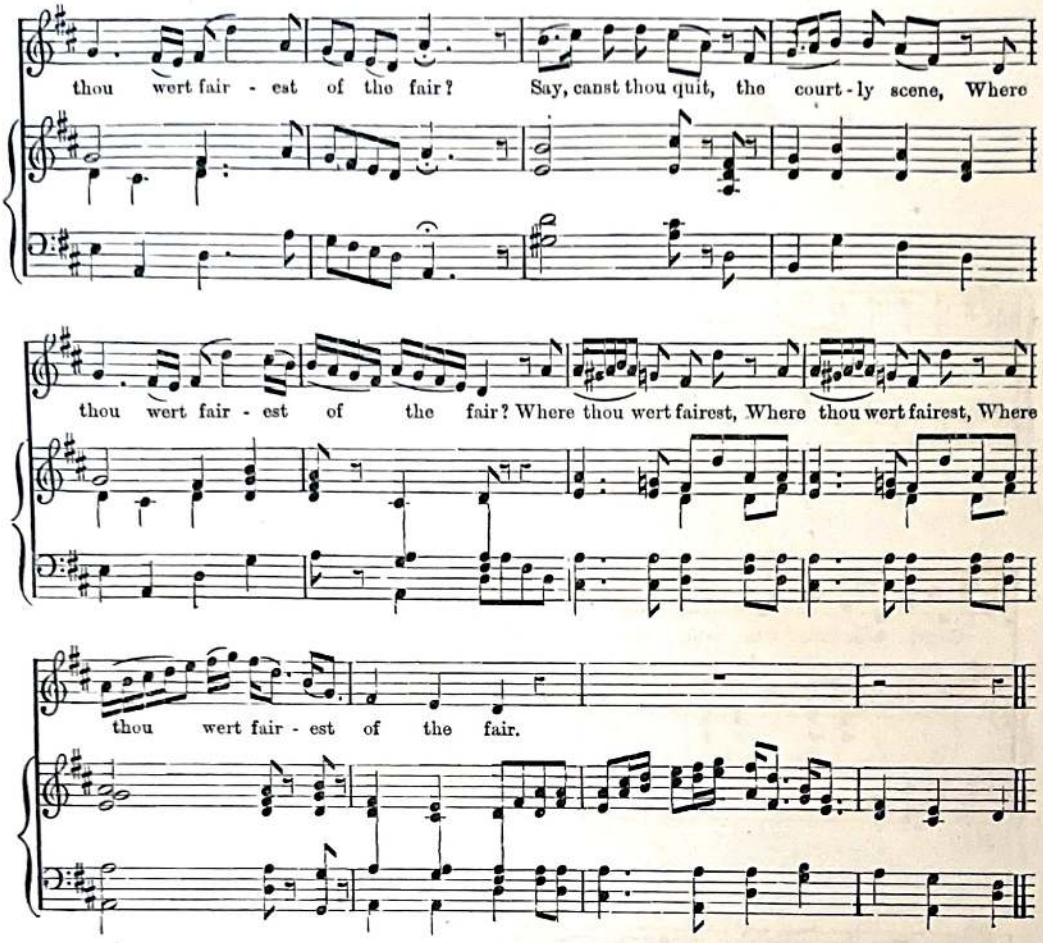
The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enin' star is near,
And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear:—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er remove —
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

# O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' Me?

WRITTEN BY THOMAS PERCY. COMPOSED BY THOMAS CARTER.

*Andante.*

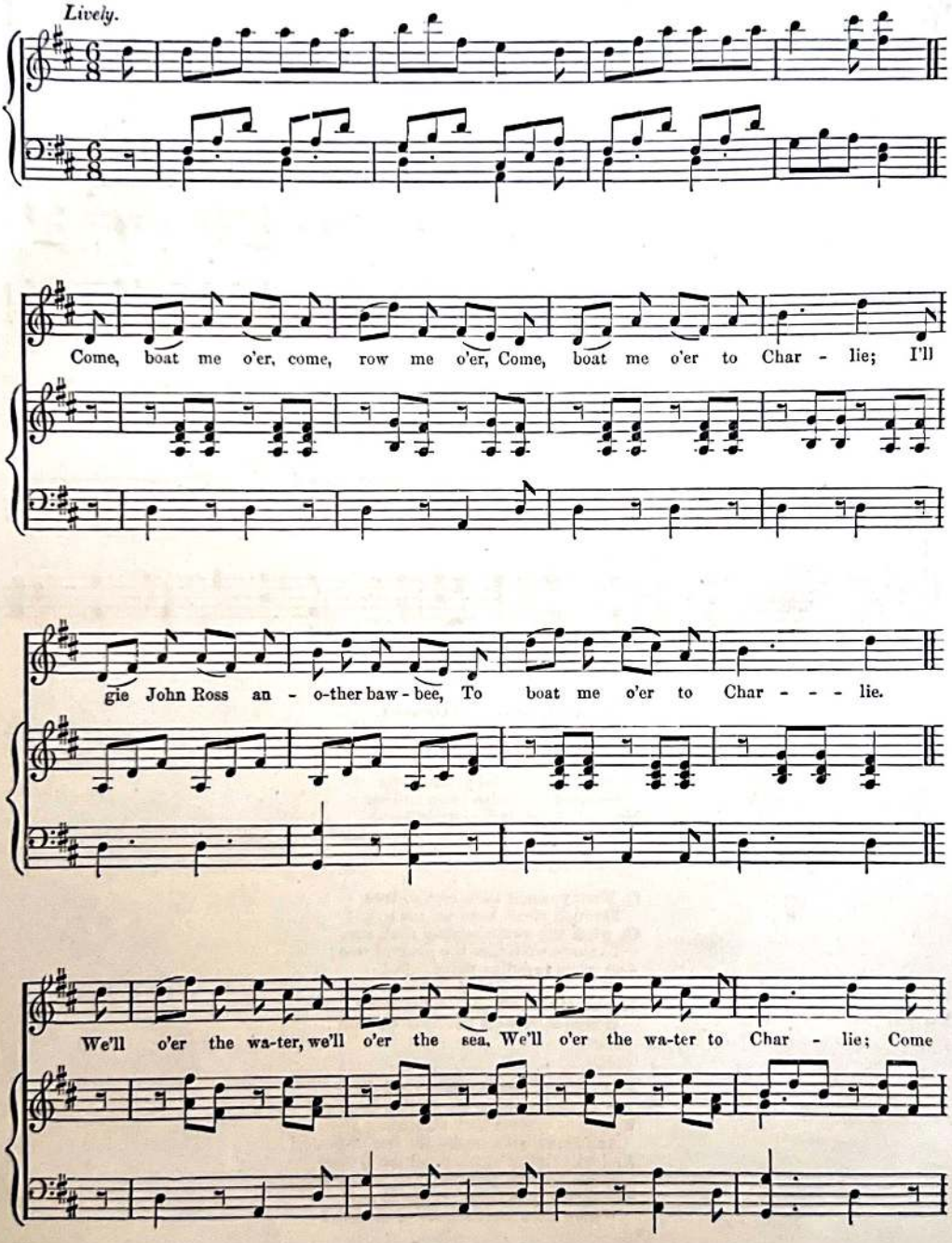
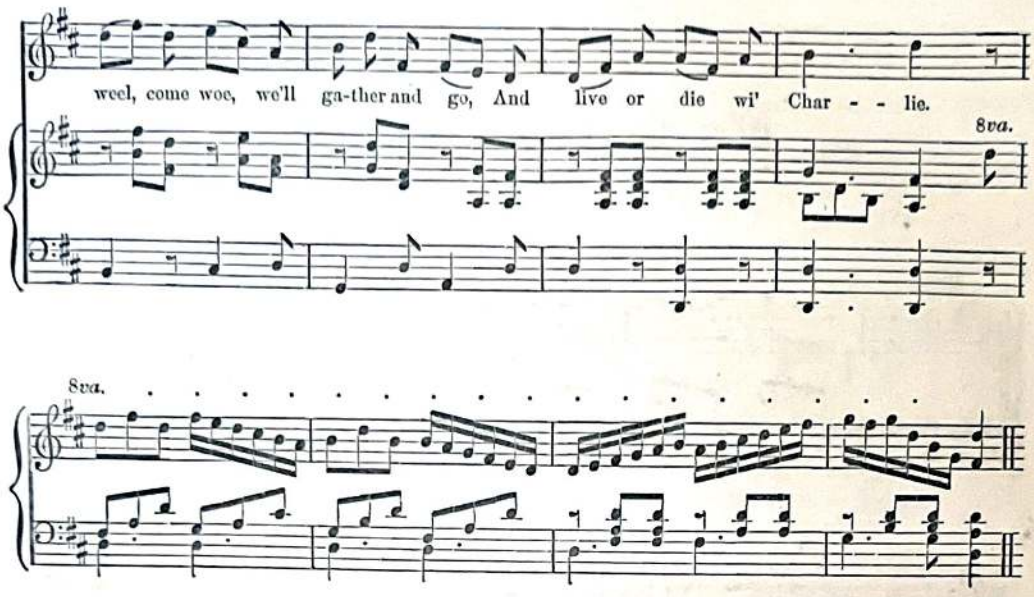

O
Nan - ny, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town? Can si - lent glens have
charms for thee, The low-ly cot, and rus - set gown? No long - er drest in silk - en sheen, No
long - er deck'd with jew - els rare, Say, can'st thou quit each court - ly scene, Where

thou wert fair - est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit, the court - ly scene, Where
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Where thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, Where
thou wert fair - est of the fair.

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mein
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to go?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

# O'er the Water to Charlie.

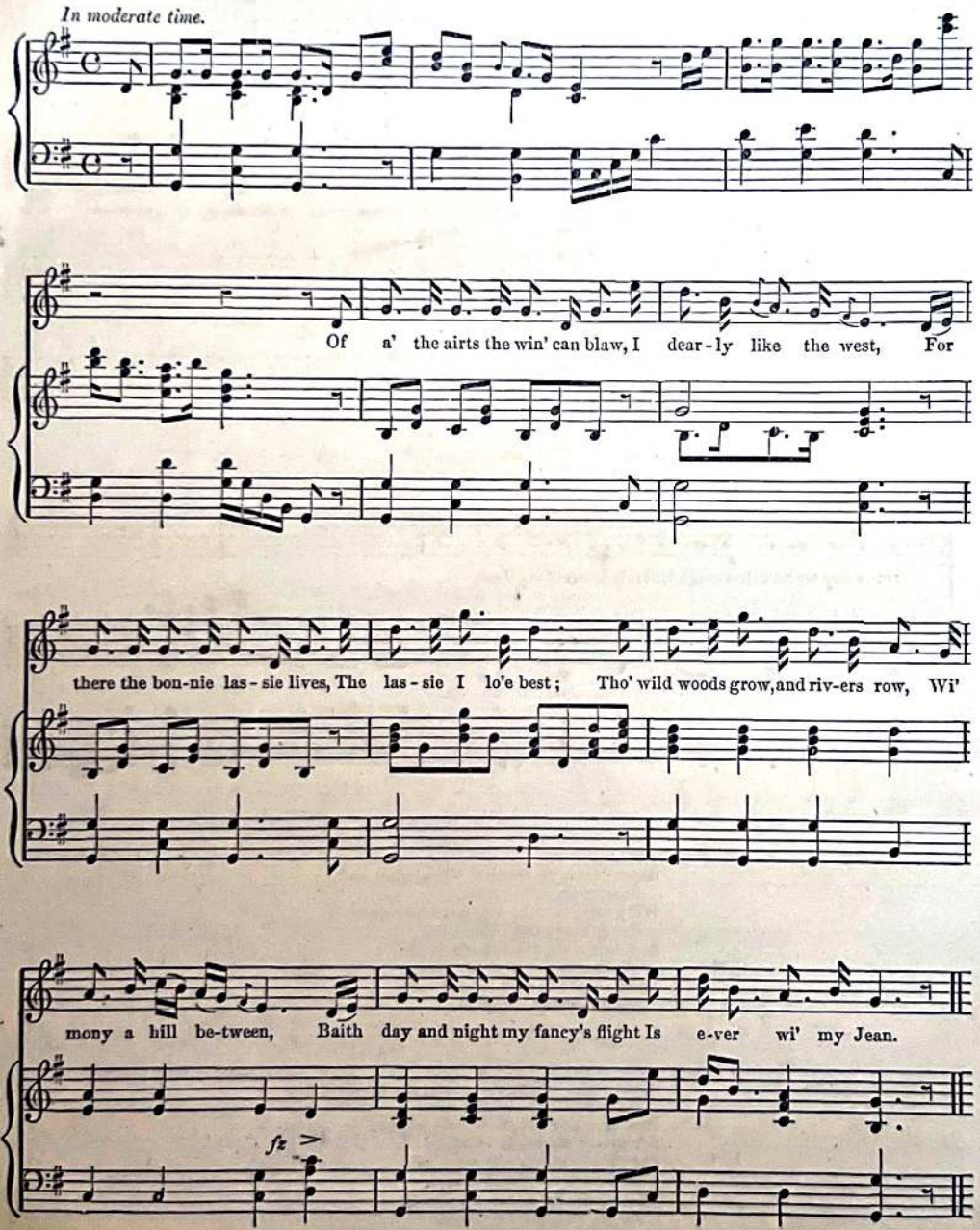
ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

Lively.
Come, boat me o'er, come, row me o'er, Come, boat me o'er to Char - lie; I'll
gie John Ross an - o-ther baw - bee, To boat me o'er to Char - - - lie.
We'll o'er the wa-ter, we'll o'er the sea, We'll o'er the wa-ter to Char - lie; Come

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him;
But oh, to see auld nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

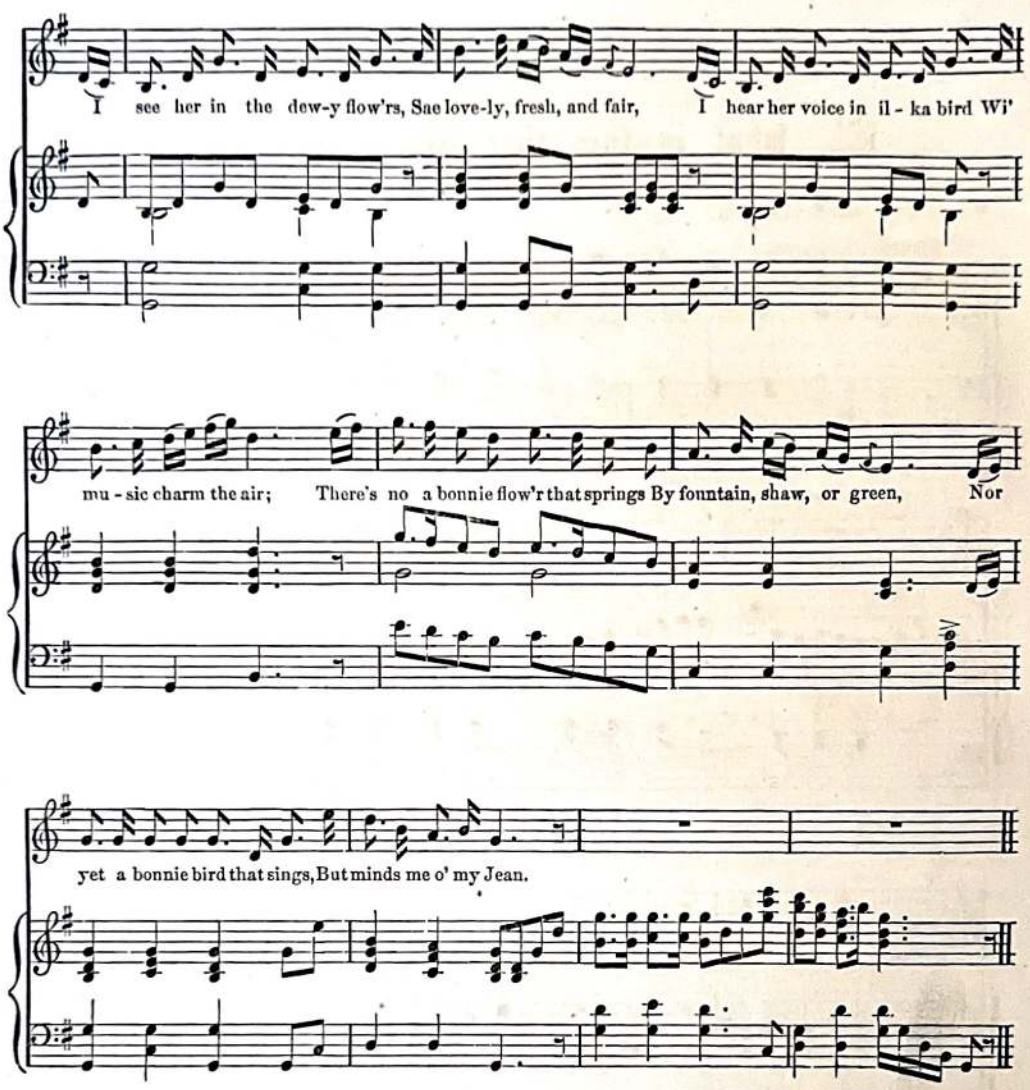
I swear and vow, by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea.
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

# Of a' the Airts the Win' can Blaw.

BURNS. ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*In moderate time.*


Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dear-ly like the west, For
there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best; Tho' wild woods grow, and riv-ers row, Wi'
mony a hill be-tween, Baith day and night my fancy's flight Is e-ver wi' my Jean.
fz


I see her in the dew-y flow'rs, Sae love-ly, fresh, and fair, I hear her voice in il - ka bird Wi'
mu - sic charm the air; There's no a bonnie flow'r that springs By fountain, shaw, or green, Nor
yet a bonnie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

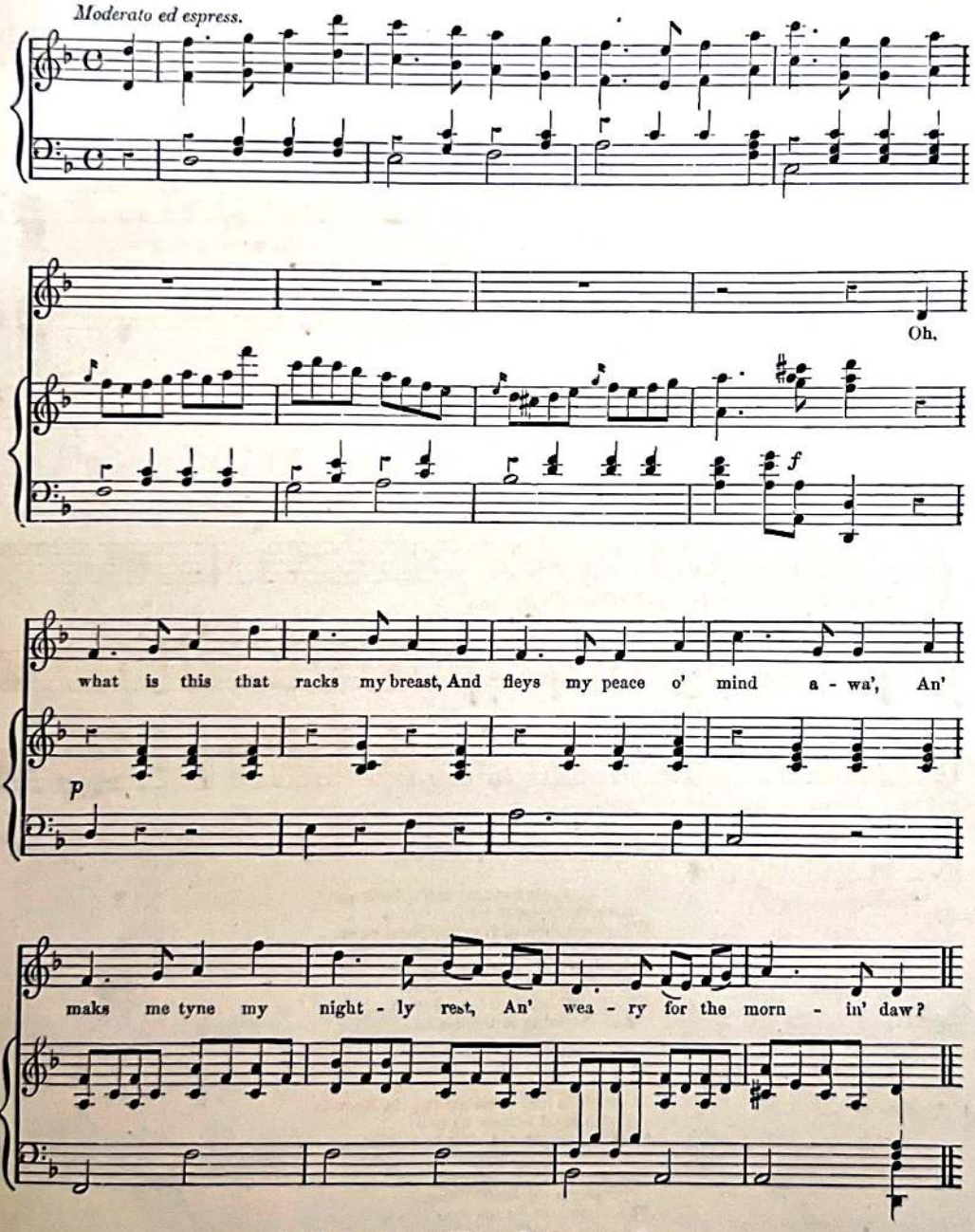
Blaw, blaw, ye westlin' win's, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees,
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat an' clean:
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

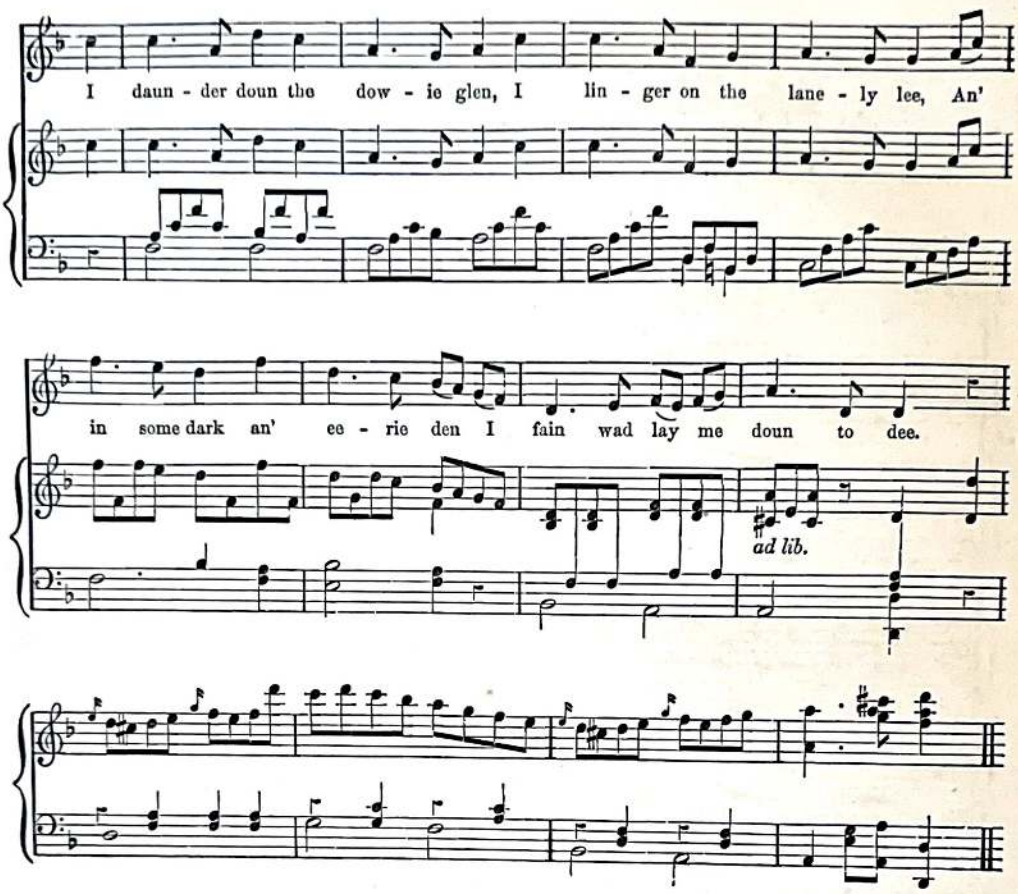
What sighs and vows amang the knowes,
Ha'e pass'd atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
The day she gaed awa!
The pow'rs aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean.

# Oh, what is this that Racks my Breast?

Words by James Ballantine. Music by J. C. Kieser.

*Moderato ed espress.*

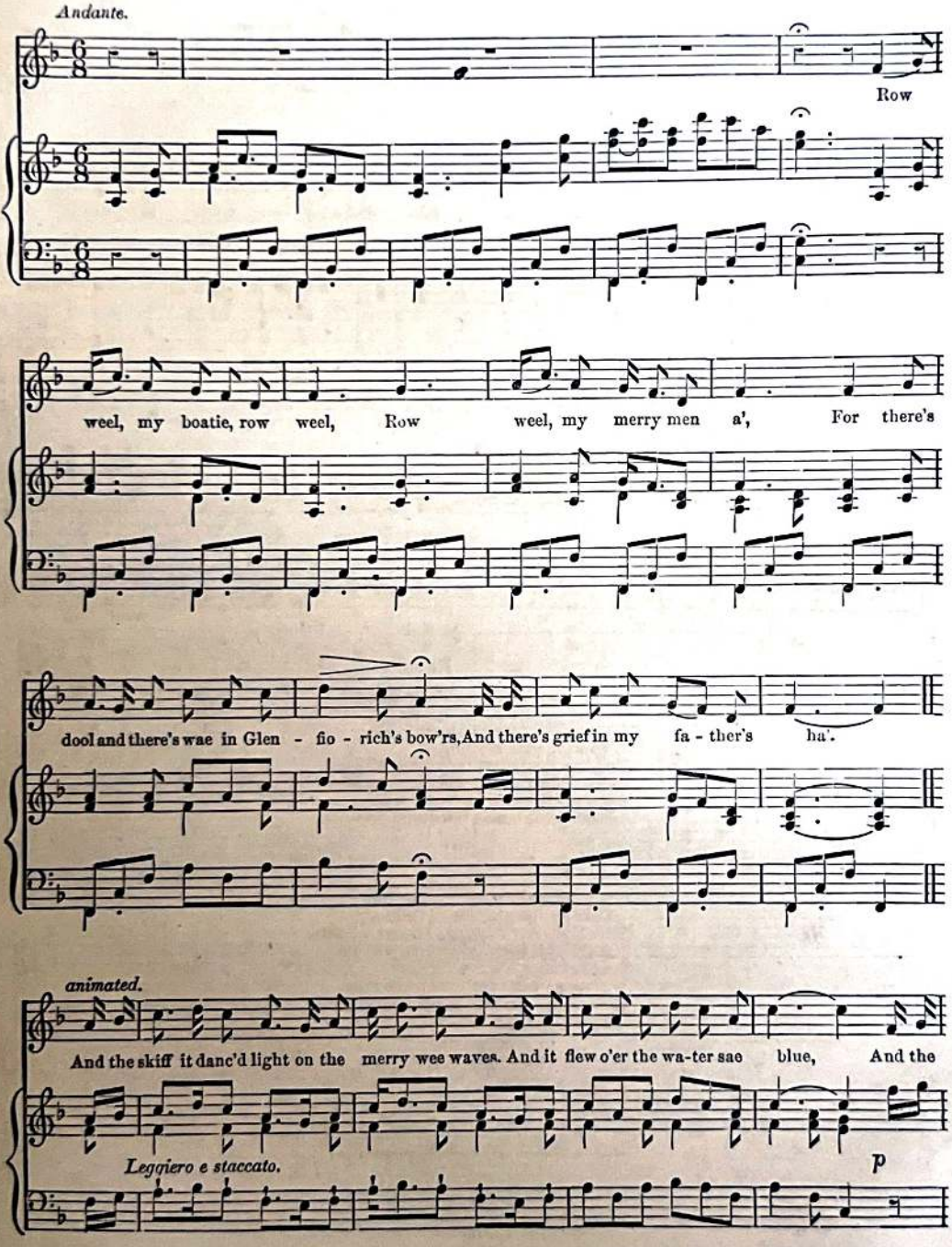
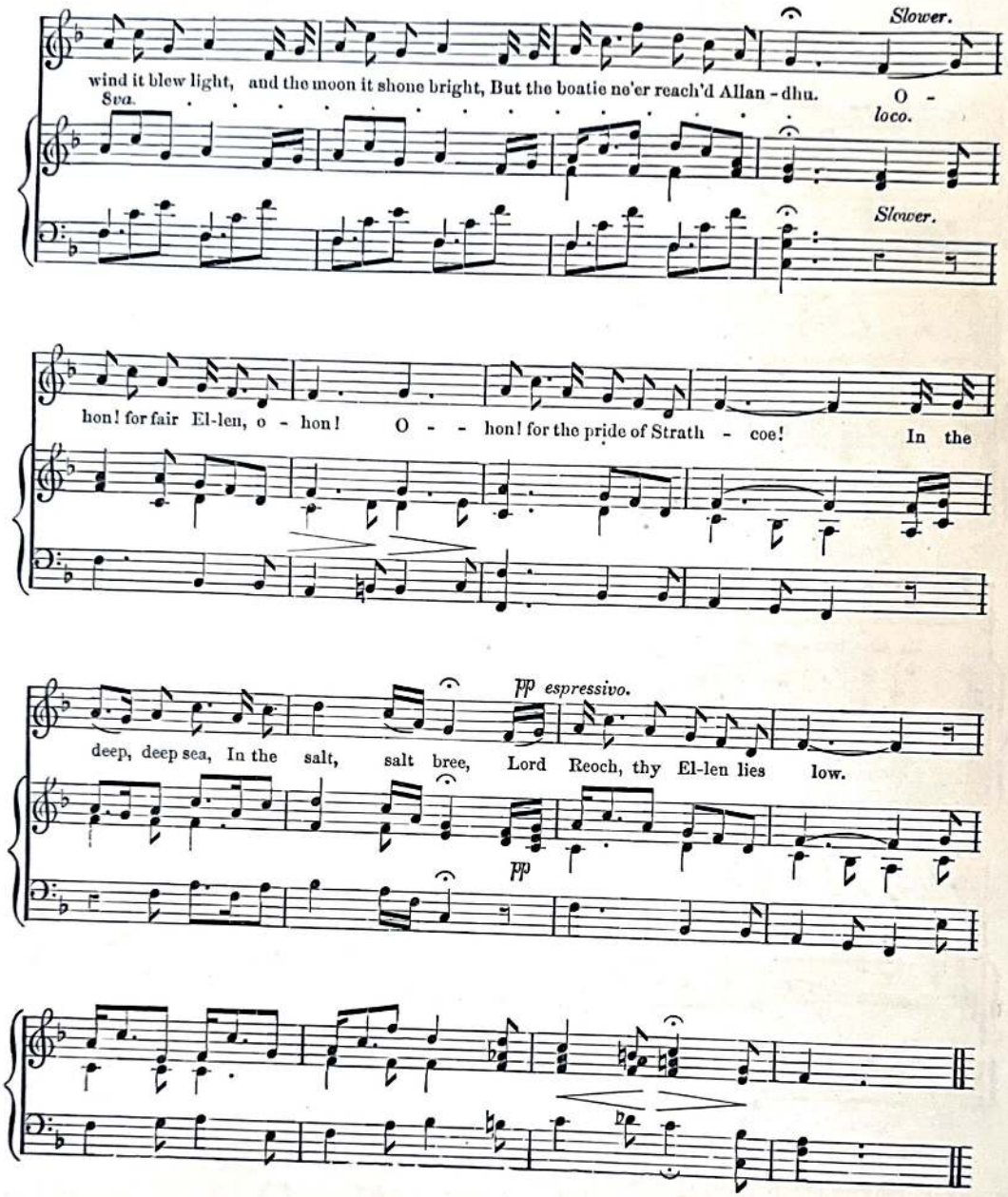

Oh,
f
what is this that racks my breast, And fleys my peace o' mind a - wa', An'
p
maks me tyne my night - ly rest, An' wea - ry for the morn - in' daw?

*** By permission of James Ballantine, Esq.

I heave nae sigh, I mak' nae mane,
I let nae tear bedim my e'e,
But mix wi' follies light an' vain,
To wyle awa' my misery.
Few ken the hearts they meet wi' here,
Few trow there's grief they canna see,
An' e'en the maid I lo'e sae dear,
Shall never guess the dool I dree.

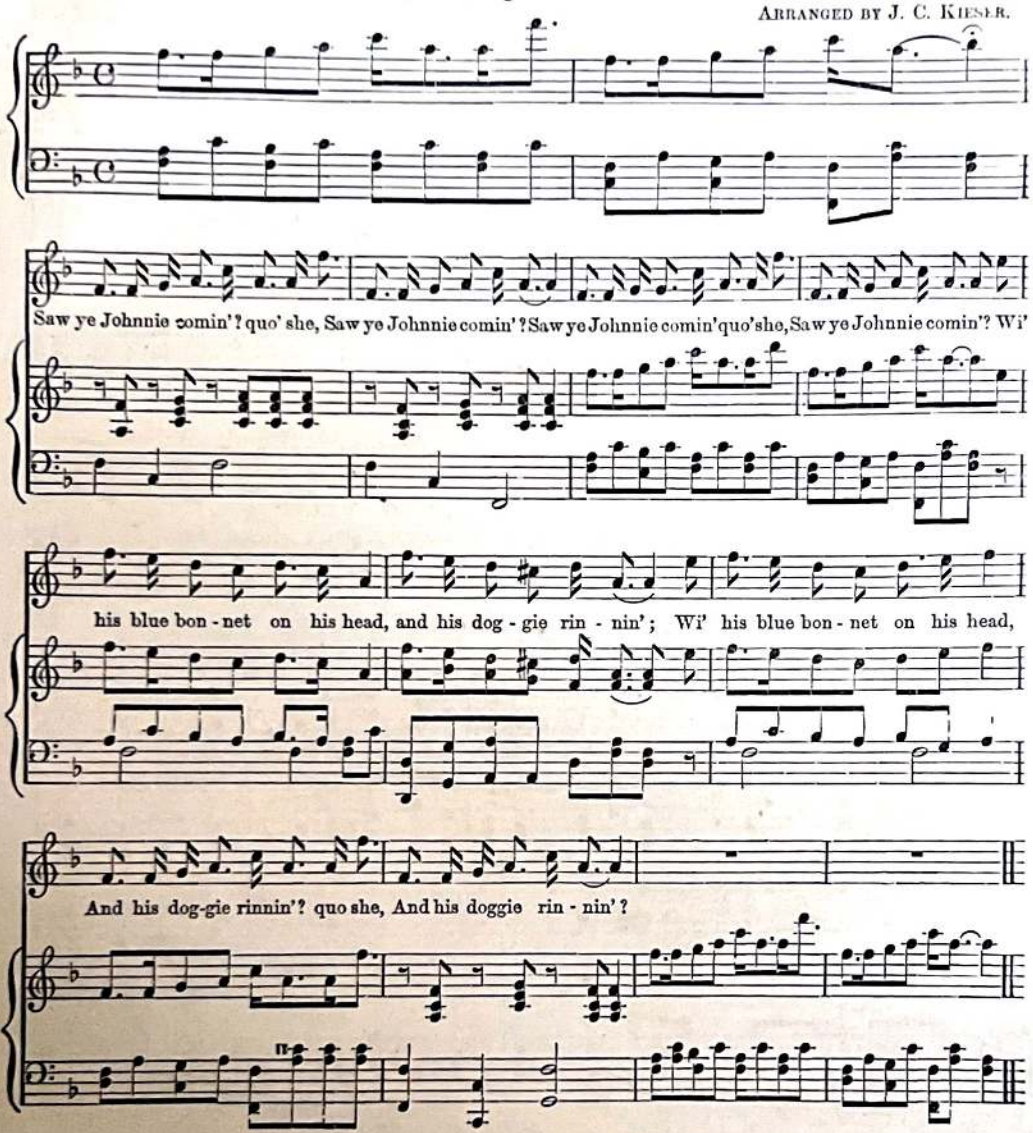
'Tis hopeless love an' sad despair,
Cast by the glamour o' thine e'e,
That cluds my waukrife dreams wi' cars,
An' mak's the daylight dark to me.
I canna' hope nor ask for mair
Than ae wee pearly tear frae thee.
An' gin thy een ha'e ane to spare,
In pity let it fa' for me.

# Row Weel, my Boatie, Row Weel.

Composed by R. A. Smith. Arranged by J. C. Kiesel.


Andante.
Row
weel, my boatie, row weel, Row weel, my merry men a', For there's
dool and there's wae in Glen - fio - rich's bow'rs, And there's grief in my fa - ther's ha'.
animated.
And the skiff it danc'd light on the merry wee waves. And it flew o'er the wa-ter sae blue, And the
Leggiero e staccato.
p

Slower.
wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright, But the boatie ne'er reach'd Allan - dhu.
O -
8va.
loco.
Slower.
hon! for fair El-len, o - hon! O - - hon! for the pride of Strath - coe!
In the
pp espressivo.
deep, deep sea, In the salt, salt bree, Lord Reoch, thy El-len lies low.
pp

# Saw ye Johnnie Comin'?

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin'? Saw ye Johnnie comin' quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin'? Wi'
his blue bon - net on his head, and his dog - gie rin - nin'; Wi' his blue bon - net on his head,
And his dog-gie rinnin'? quo she, And his doggie rin - nin'?

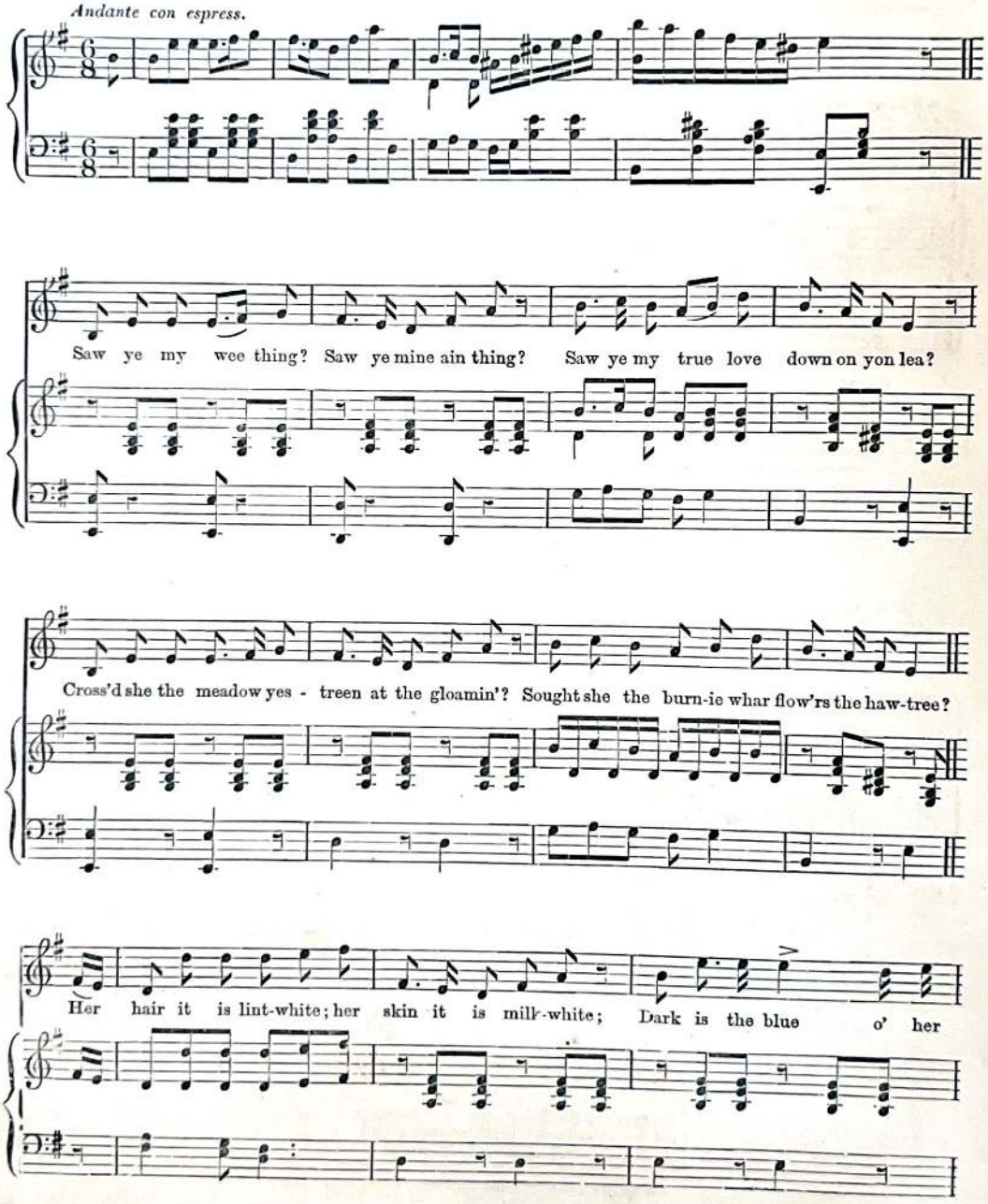
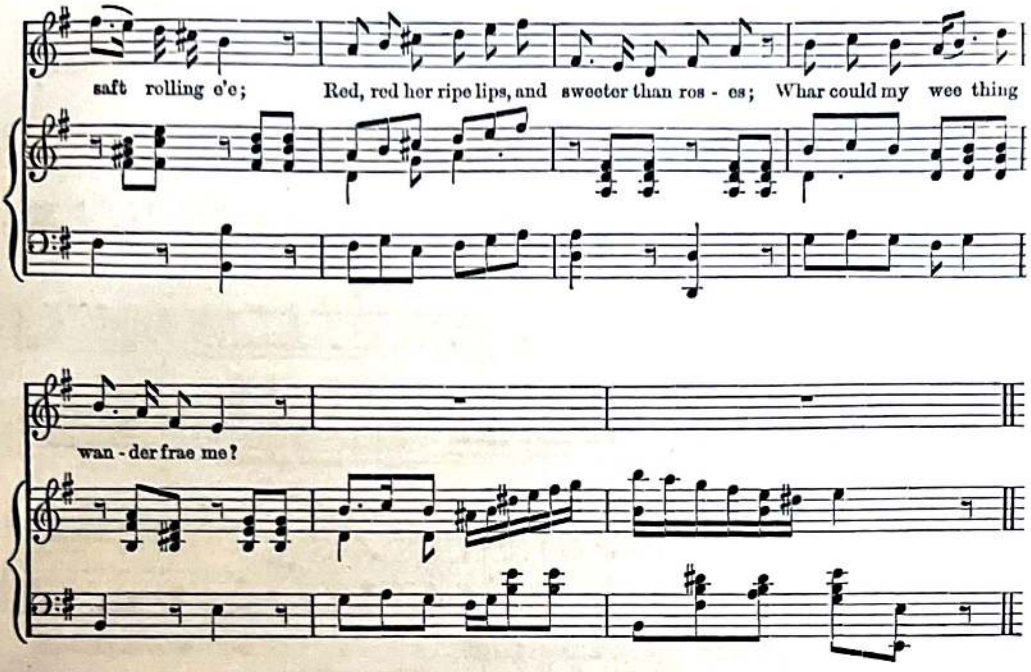
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doin';
And a' the wark about the house,
Gaes wi' me when I see him,
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he.
What will I do wi him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back—
And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.
I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk o' mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she.
And crack wi' me at e'en.

# Saw ye my Wee Thing.

WRITTEN BY HECTOR MACNEIL. ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante con espress.*

Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing? Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yes - treen at the gloamin'? Sought she the burn-ie whar flow'rs the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white; Dark is the blue o' her

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

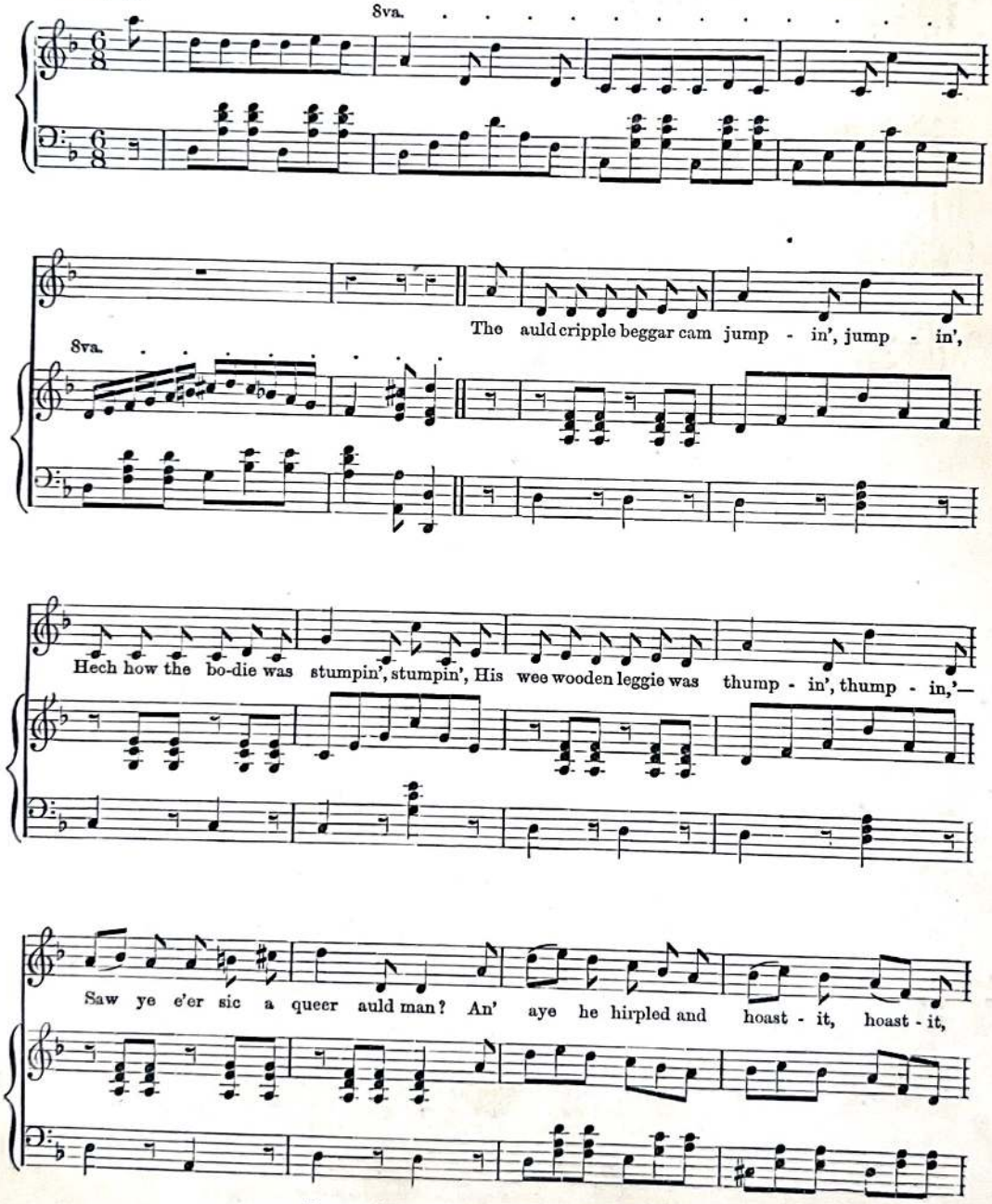
It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree;
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
She never lo'ed onie till ance she lo'd me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn on my knee:—
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.

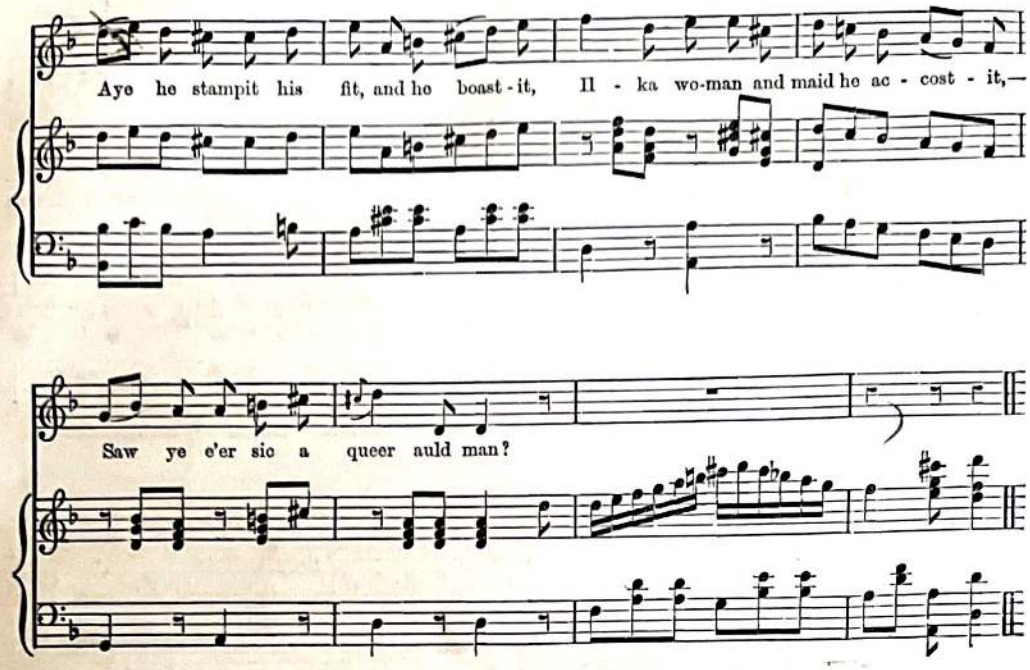
It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e!—
Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning;
Defend ye, fause trator! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling:—
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee:
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing.
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!
Is it my wee thing! is it my ain thing!
Is it my true love here that I see!
O Jamie, forgi'e me; your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee!

# The Auld Beggar Man.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE. MUSIC BY J. C. KIESER.

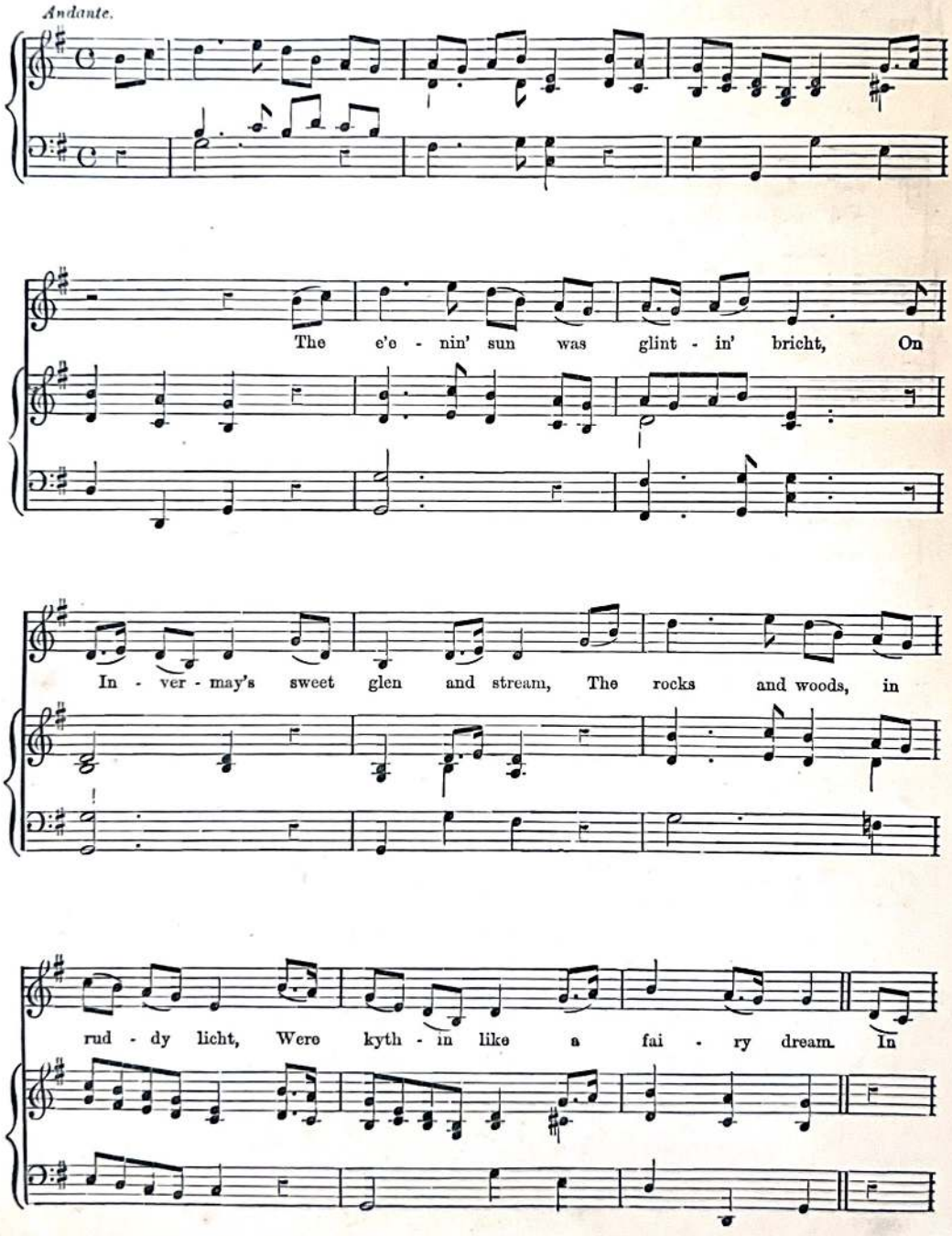
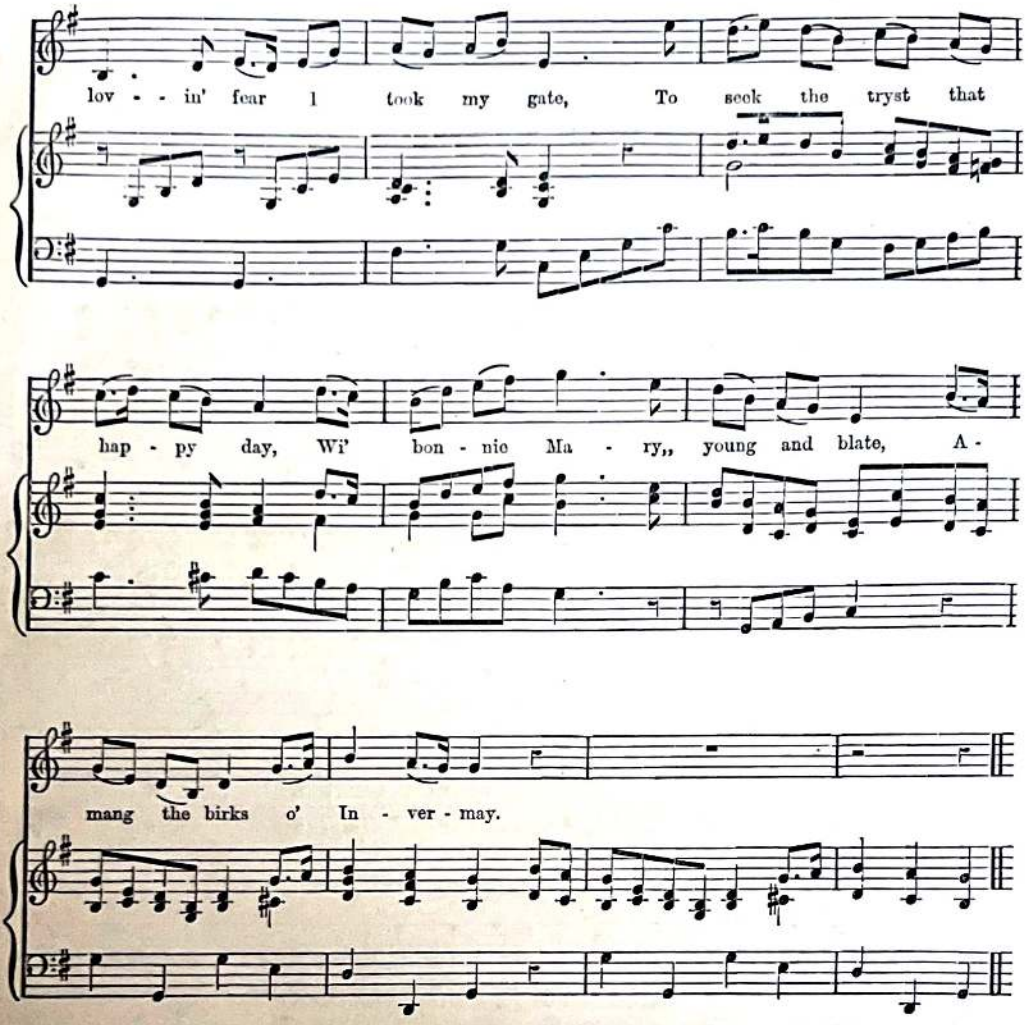
*Cheerfully.*

8va.
The auld cripple beggar cam jump - in', jump - in',
8va.
Hech how the bo-die was stumpin', stumpin', His wee wooden leggie was thump - in', thump - in,'—
Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man? An' aye he hirpled and hoast - it, hoast - it,

By permission of JAMES BALLANTINE, Esq.

The auld wives cam hirplin' in scores frae the clachan,
The young wives cam rinnin', a' gigglin' an' laughin',
The bairnies cam toddlin', a' jinkin' an' daffin',
An' pookit the pocks o' the queer auld man.
Out cam the young widows a' blinkin' fu' meekly,
Out cam the young lassies a' smirkin' fu' sweetly,
Out cam the auld maidens a' bobbin' discreetly,
An' gat a slee smack frae the queer auld man.

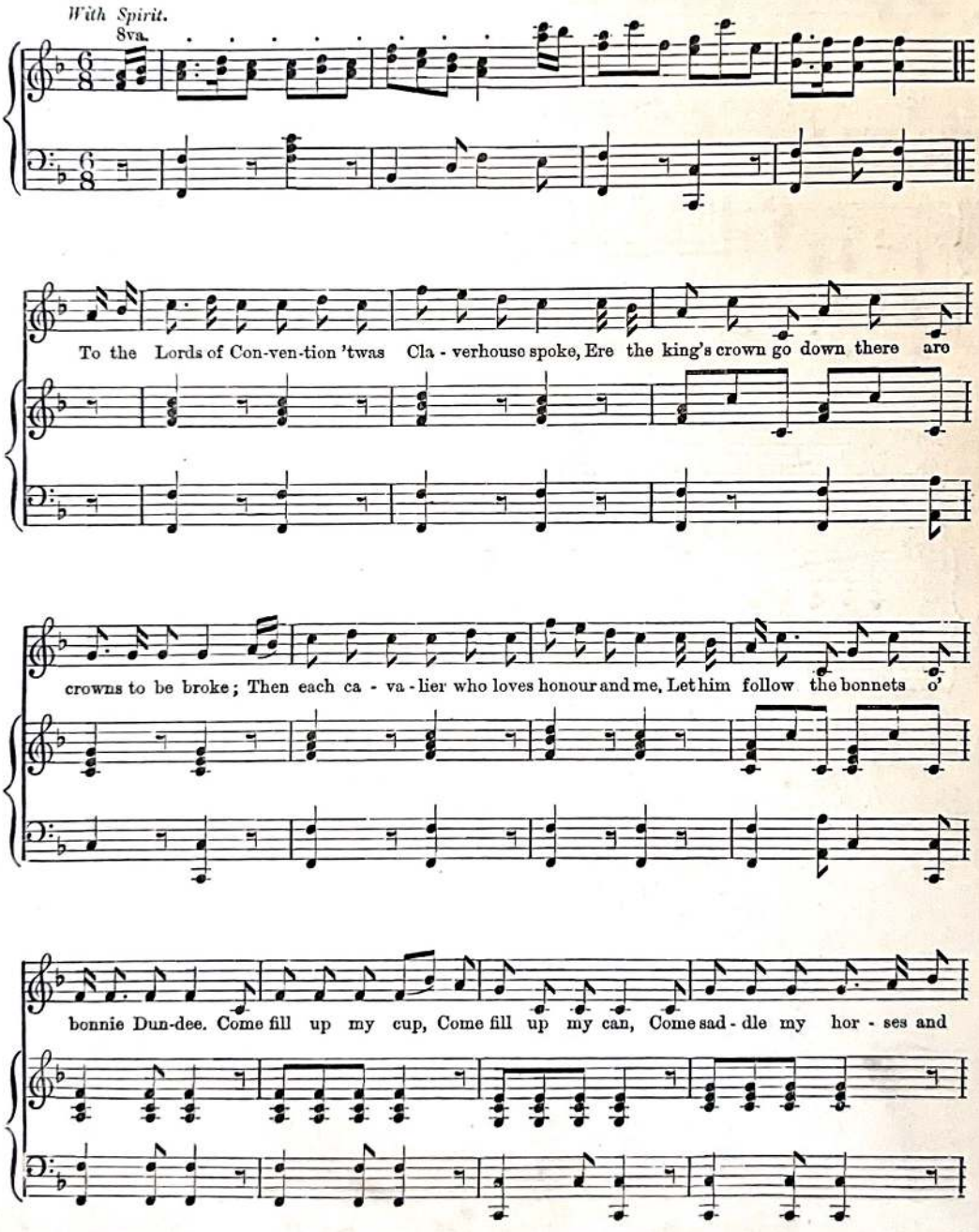
Out cam the big blacksmith, a' smeekit and duddy,
Out cam the fat butcher, a' greasy an' bluidy,
Out cam the auld cartwright, the wee drucken bodie,
An' swore they would flaughter the queer auld man.
Out cam the lang weaver, wi' his biggest shuttle,
Out cam the short snab, wi' his sharp cutty whittle,
Out cam the young herd, wi' a big tattie beetle,
An' swore they would devel the queer auld man.

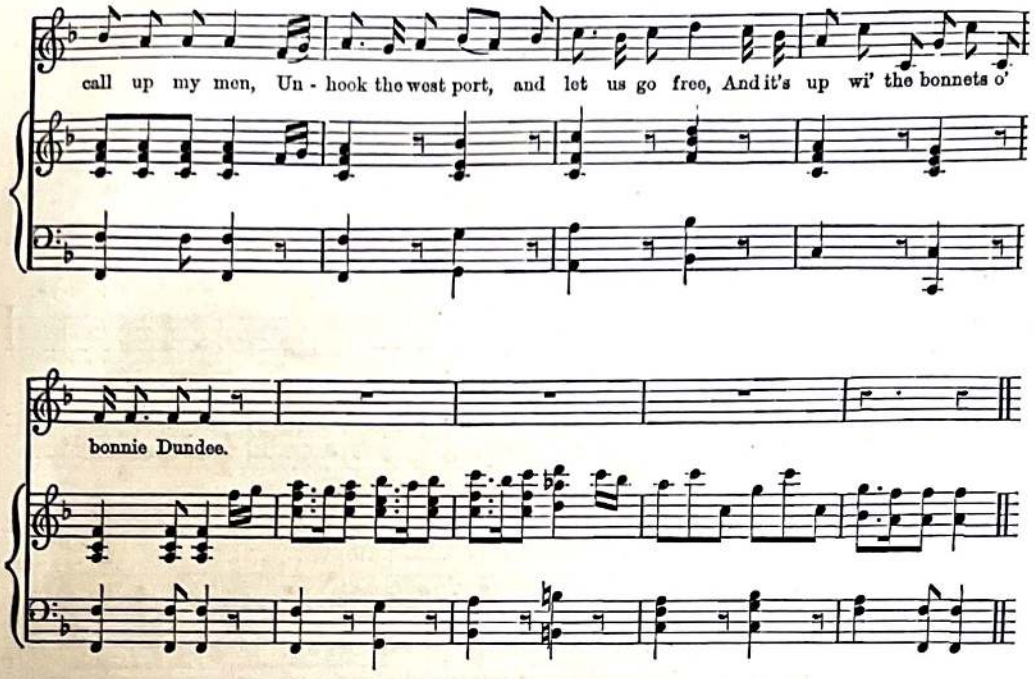
The beggar he coost aff his wee wooden peg,
An' he shaw'd them a brawny an' sturdy leg,
I wat but the carle was strappin' and gleg;—
Saw ye e'er sic a stieve auld man?
He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife;
He dumpit the butcher, wha ran for his life;
He chased the wee wright wi' the butcher's sharp knife;—
Saw ye e'er sic a brave auld man?

He puff'd on the weaver, he ran to his loom;
He shankit the snab hame to cobble his shoon;
He skelpit the herd, on his bog-reed to croon,—
Saw ye e'er sic a stuffy auld man?
The wives o' the toun then a' gather'd about him,
An' loudly an' blithely the bairnies did shout him,
They hooted the loons wha had threaten'd to clout him,
Kenn'd ye e'er sic a lucky auld man?

# The Birks of Inbermay.

Andante.
The e'e - nin' sun was glint - in' bricht, On
In - ver - may's sweet glen and stream, The rocks and woods, in
rud - dy licht, Were kyth - in like a fai - ry dream. In

It wasna till the sklent-moon's shine
Was glancin' deep in Mary's e'e.
That, a' in tears, she said, "I'm thine,
And ever will be true to thee!"
Ae kiss, the lover's pledge, and then
We spak o' a' that lovers say,
Syne linger'd hameward through the glen,
Amang the birks o' Invermay.

# The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

WRITTEN BY SCOTT. ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

With Spirit.
8va.
To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Cla - verhouse spoke, Ere the king's crown go down there are
crowns to be broke; Then each ca - va - lier who loves honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets o'
bonnie Dun-dee. Come fill up my cup, Come fill up my can, Come sad - dle my hor - ses and



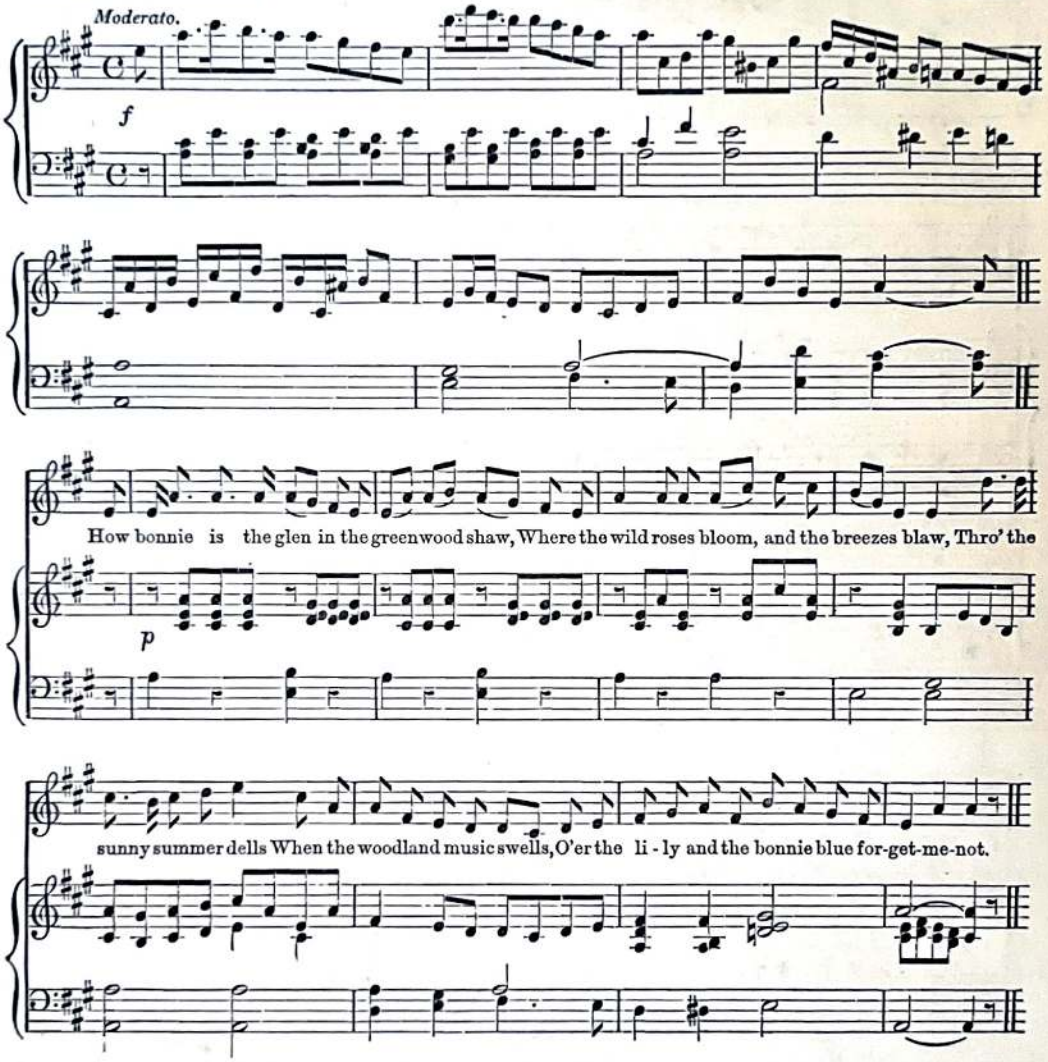

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the town is weel rid o' that deil o' Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinhewassels three thousand times three,
Will cry "Hey for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye ha'e no' seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

# The Bonnie Blue Forget-me-not.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS LYLE. IRISH AIR.


Moderato.
f
How bonnie is the glen in the greenwood shaw, Where the wild roses bloom, and the breezes blaw, Thro' the
p
sunny summer dells When the woodland music swells, O'er the li - ly and the bonnie blue for-get-me-not.

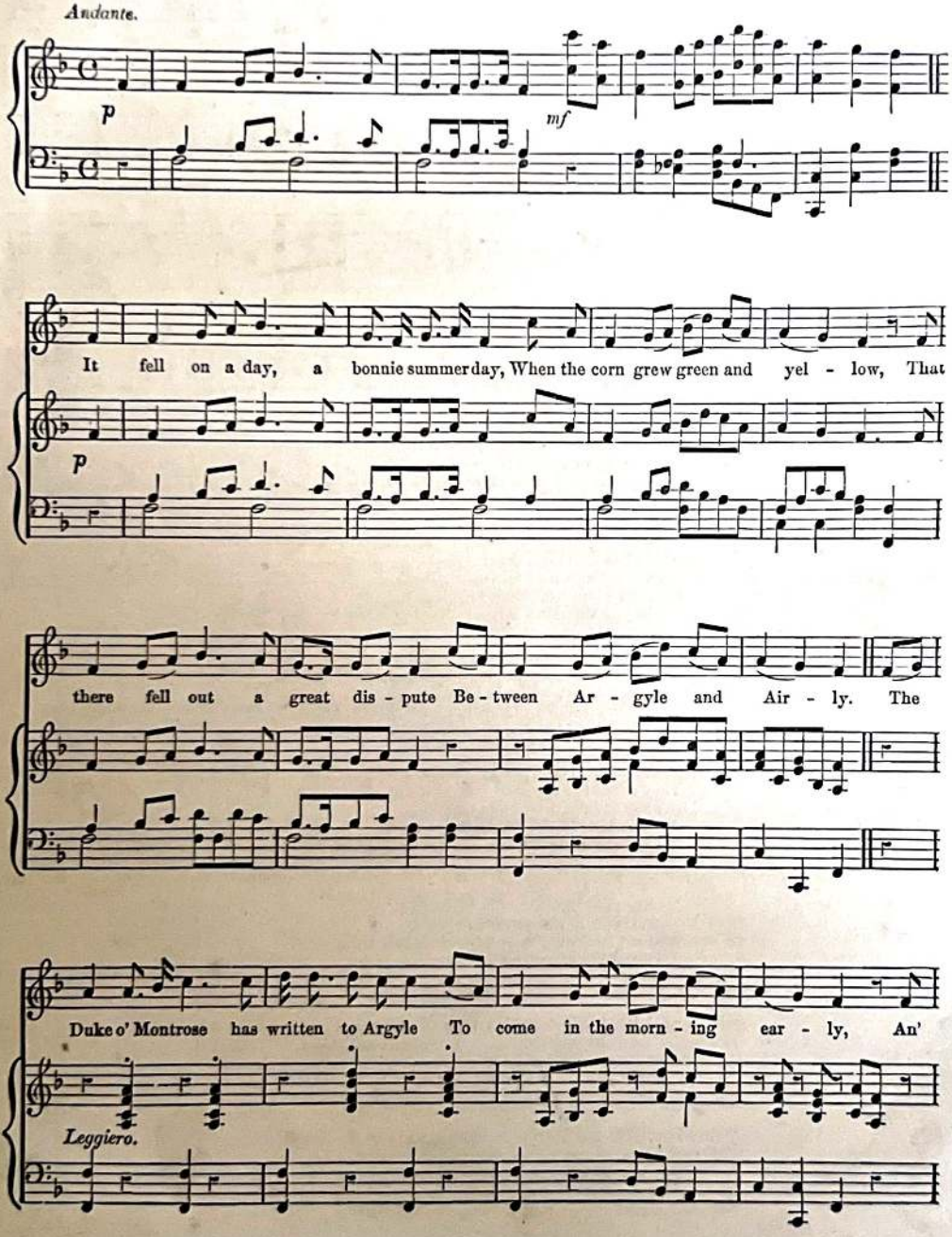
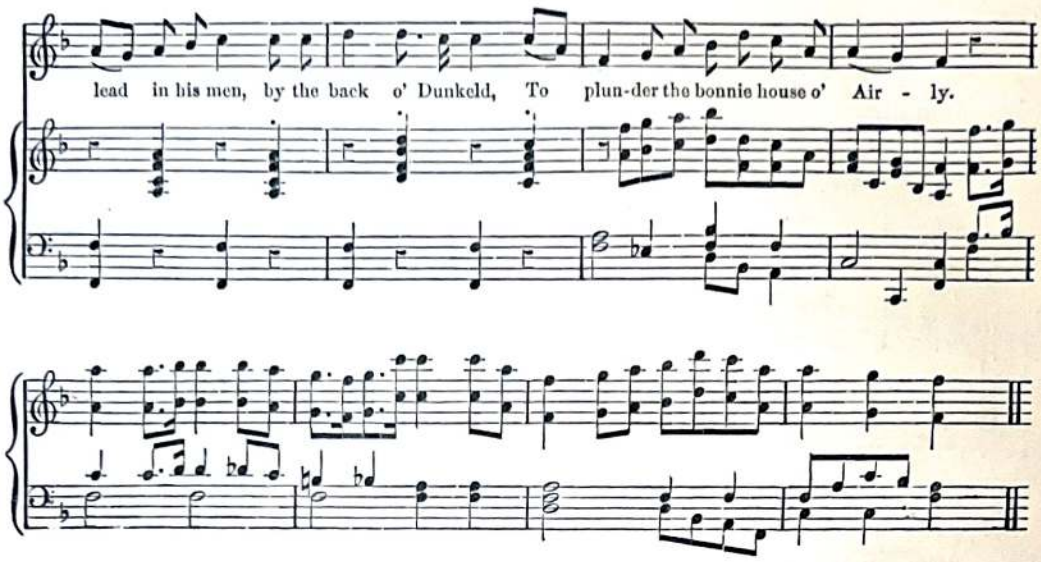
O tell me a flow'r, in the garden or wild,
So modest, and so peerless, as summer's fair child;
Not a brighter floweret blows—
Even the blush celestial rose,
Must yield to the bonnie blue forget-me-not.

By the cress-cover'd fountain, where its sparkling waters run,
Thy azure star with golden breast is smiling to the sun,
While the violets that bloom
Round the fane at beauty's tomb,
Are gemm'd with the bonnie blue forget-me-not.

Dearest emblem of friendship, thou beauty of the grove,
Thy pale blue eye, like my Laura's, beams with love;
And when Laura courts the shade,
Whisper softly to the maid,
That thy name, lovely flow'r, is forget-me-not.

# The Bonnie House o' Airly.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.


Andante.
p
mf
It fell on a day, a bonnie summer day, When the corn grew green and yel - low, That
p
there fell out a great dis - pute Be - tween Ar - gyle and Air - ly. The
Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle To come in the morn - ing ear - ly, An'
Leggiero.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,
And, oh! but she look'd weary,
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
"Come down and kiss me fairly,
Or before the morning clear day-light,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in Airly."

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma'
Says, "Lady, where is your drury?"
"It's up and down the bonnie burn side,
Amang the planting of Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly

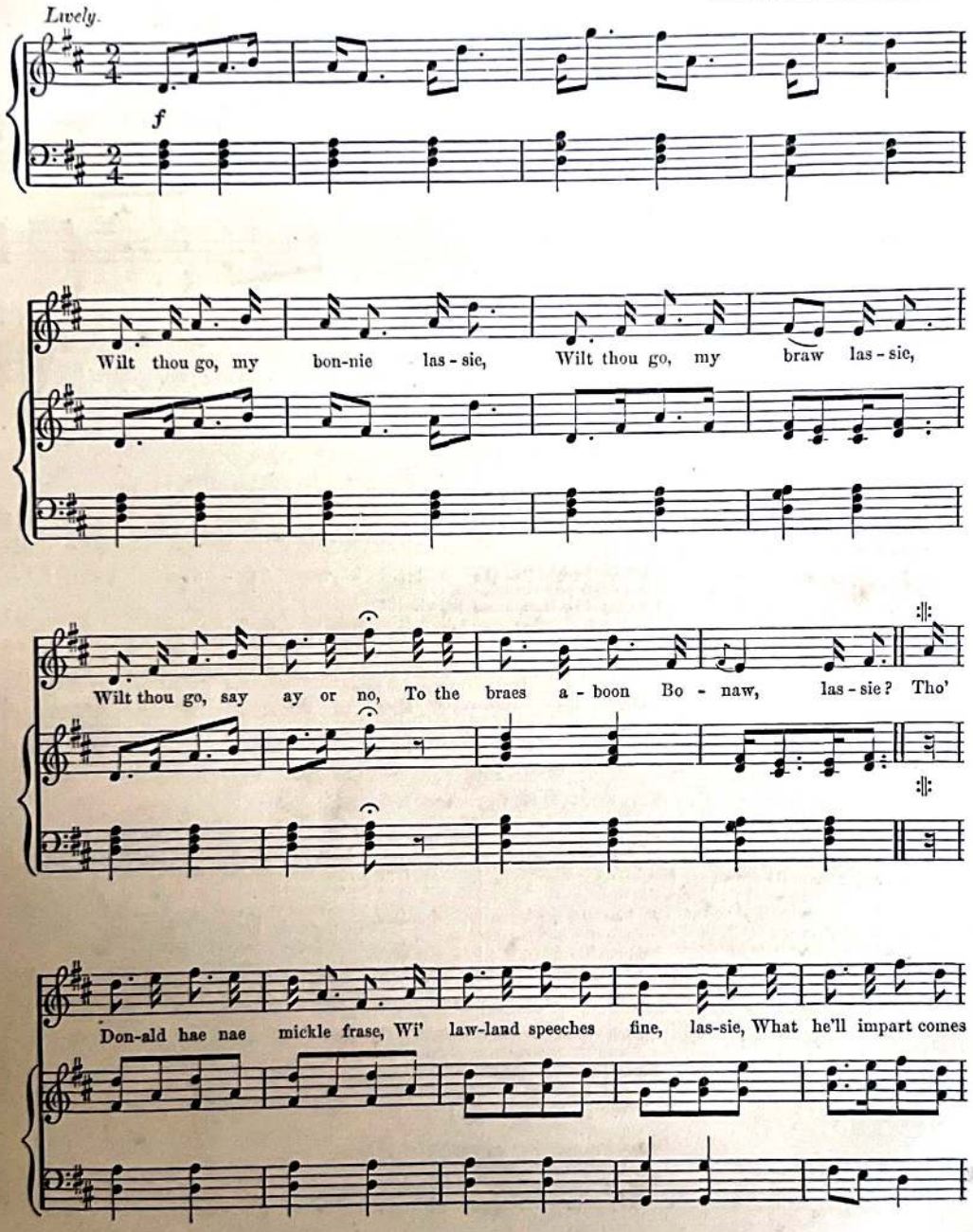
He has taen her by the left shoulder,
And, oh! but she grat sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank,
Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly.

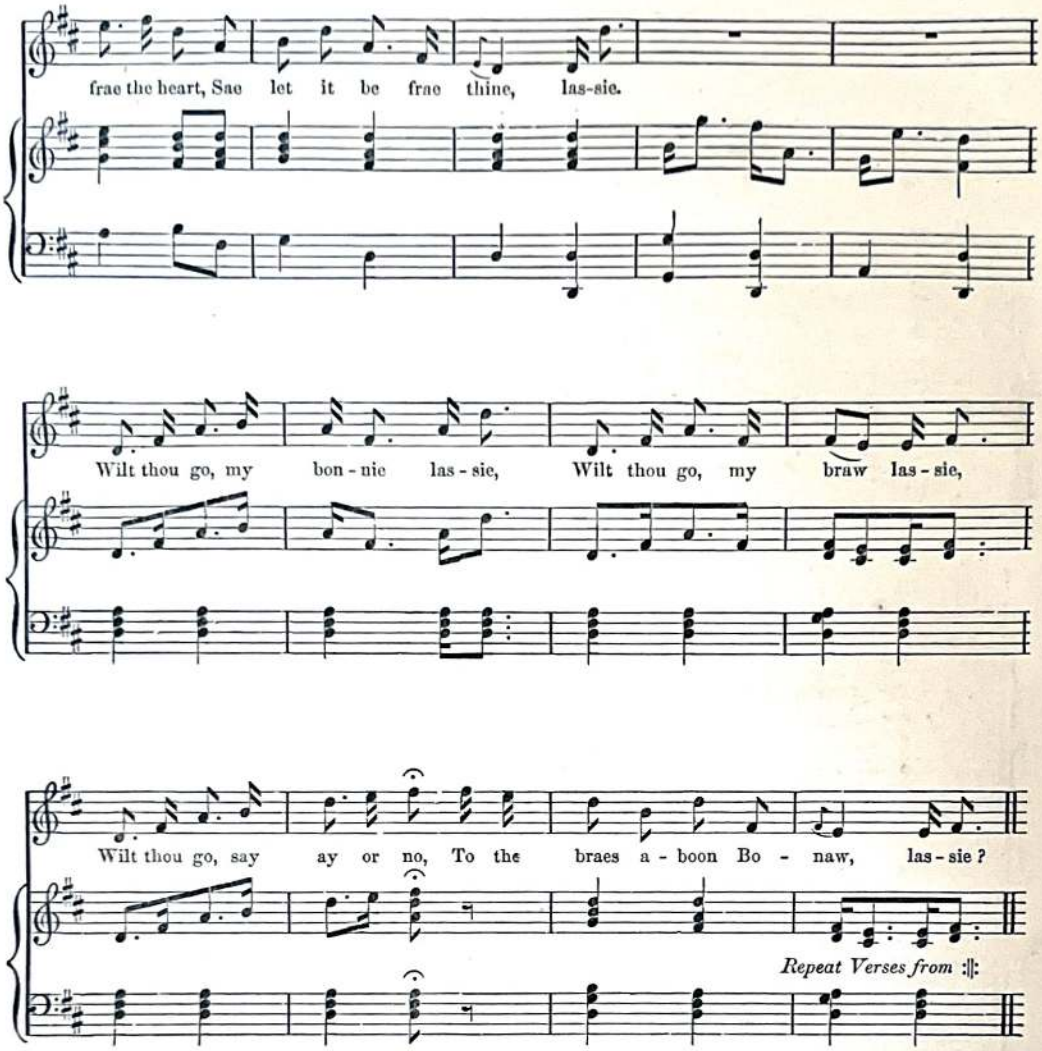
"O! it's I ha'e seven braw sons," she says,
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And although I had as mony mae,
I wad gi'e them a' to Charlie.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
Ha'e plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly."

# The Braes Aboon Bonaw.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.


Lively.
f
Wilt thou go, my bon-nie las-sie, Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie,
Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-boon Bo-naw, las-sie? Tho'
Don-ald hae nae mickle frase, Wi' law-land speeches fine, las-sie, What he'll impart comes


frae the heart, Sae let it be frae thine, las-sie.
Wilt thou go, my bon-nie las-sie, Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie,
Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-boon Bo-naw, las-sie?
Repeat Verses from :||:

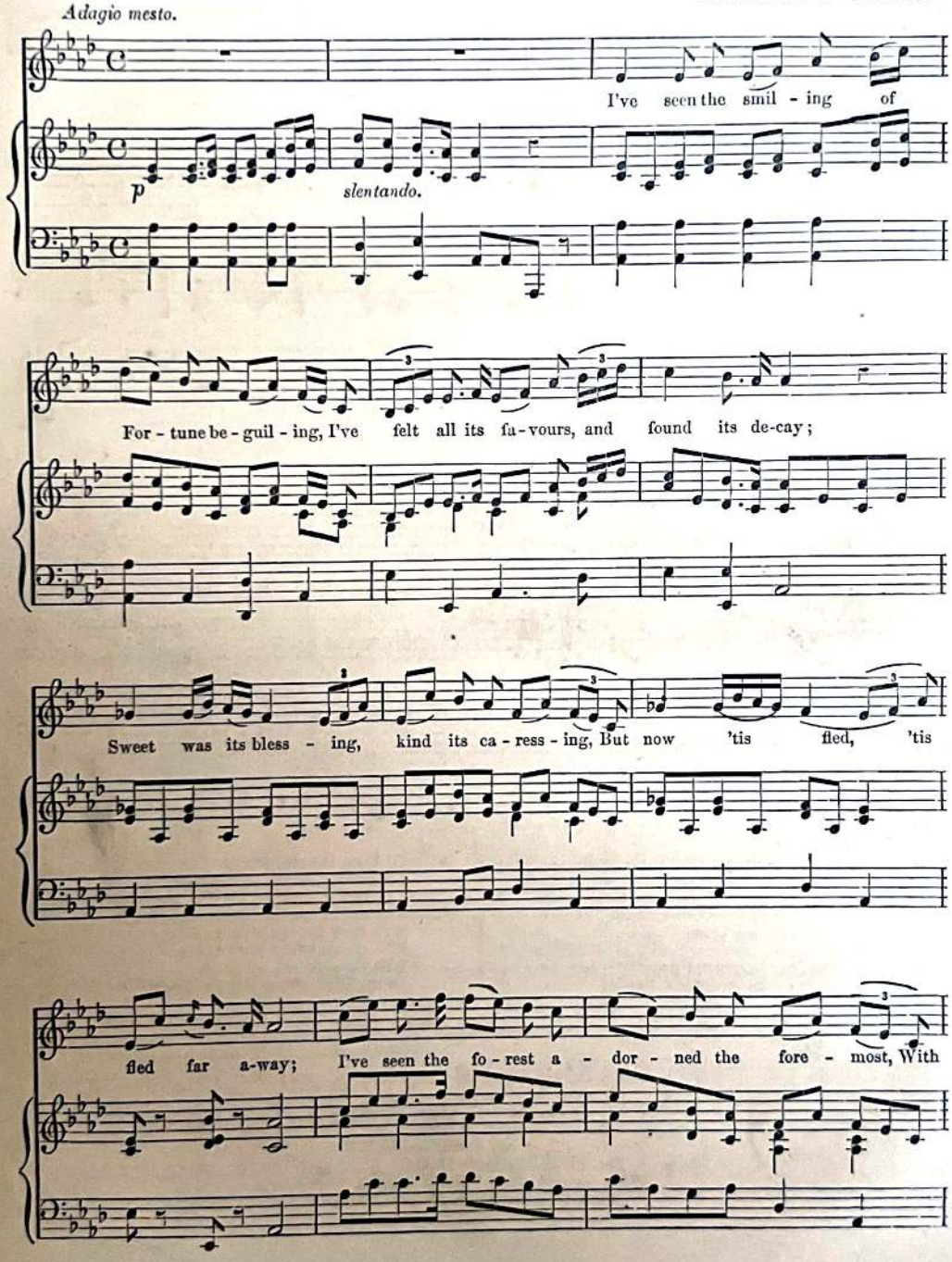
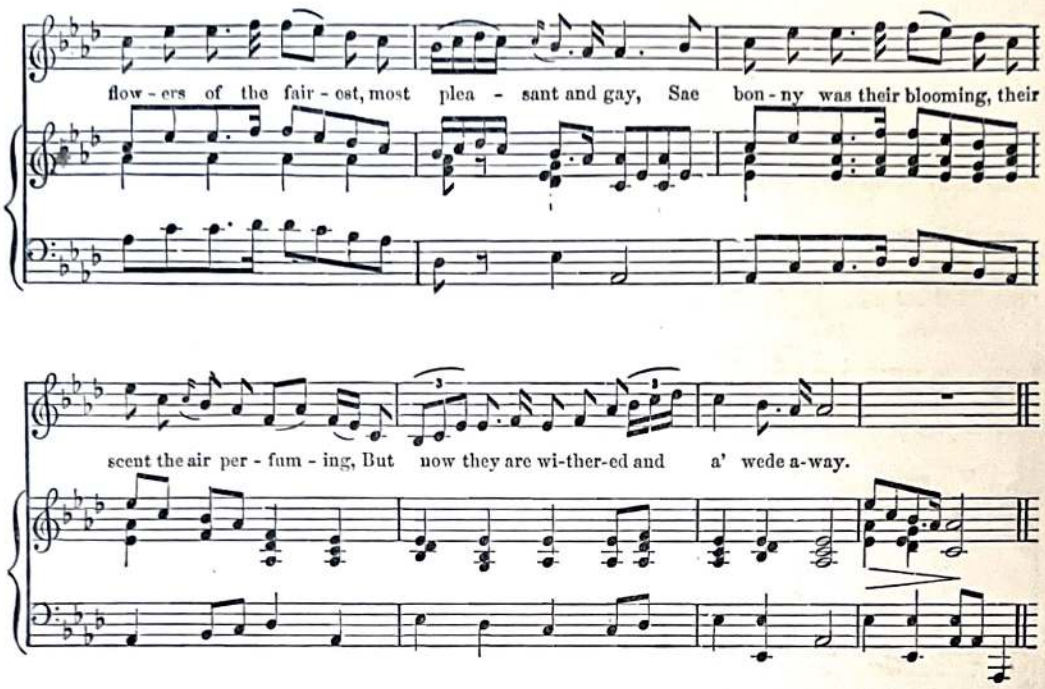
When summer days cleed a' the braes
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
At milking sheel we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,
Wilt thou go, say ay or no,
To the braes aboon Bonaw lassie?

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,
Wilt thou go, say ay or no,
To the braes aboon Bonaw lassie?

For trout and par, wi' canny care,
I'll wiley skim the flie, lassie,
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear
Then come awa wi' me, lassie,
"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie;
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

# The Flowers of the Forest.

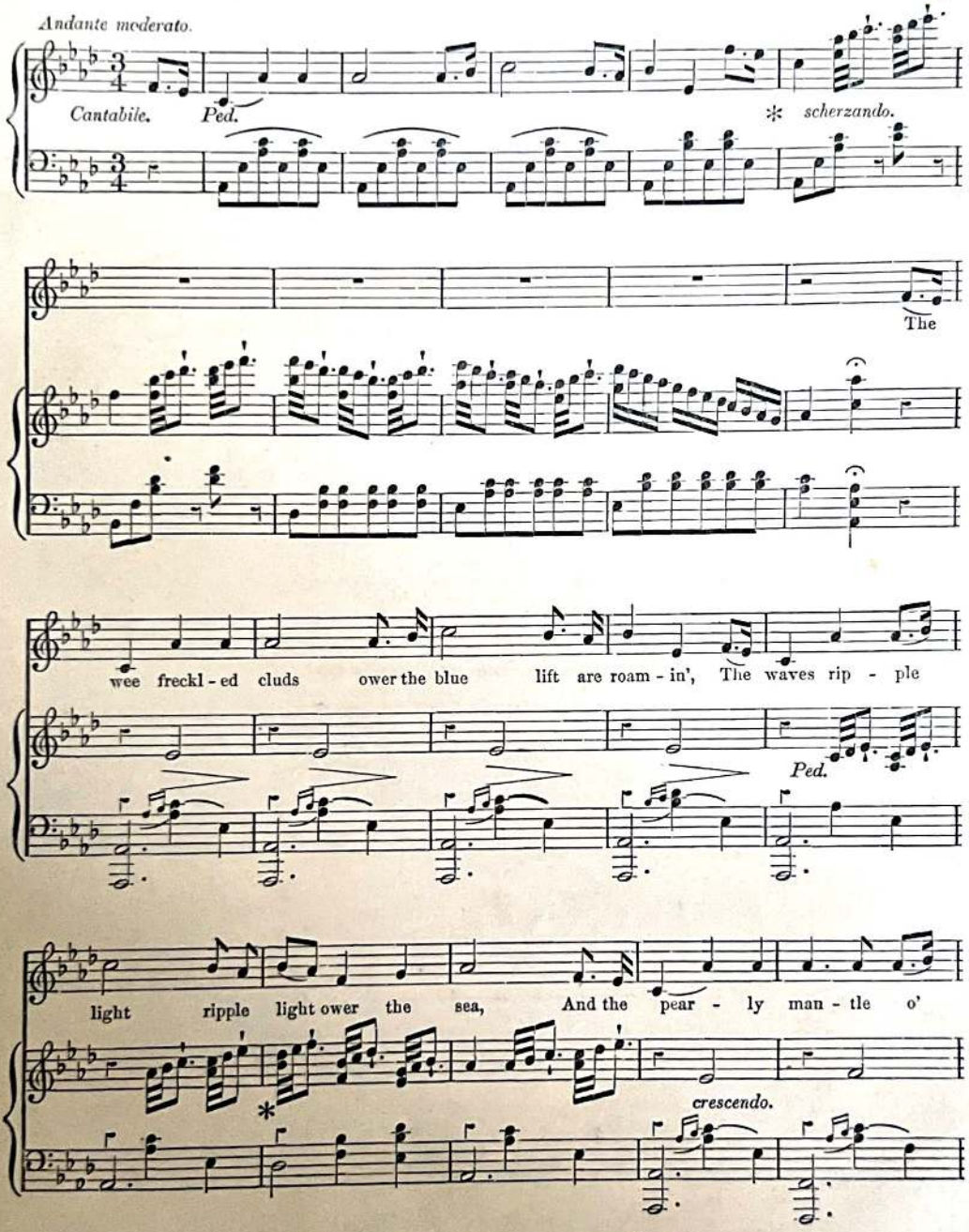
ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

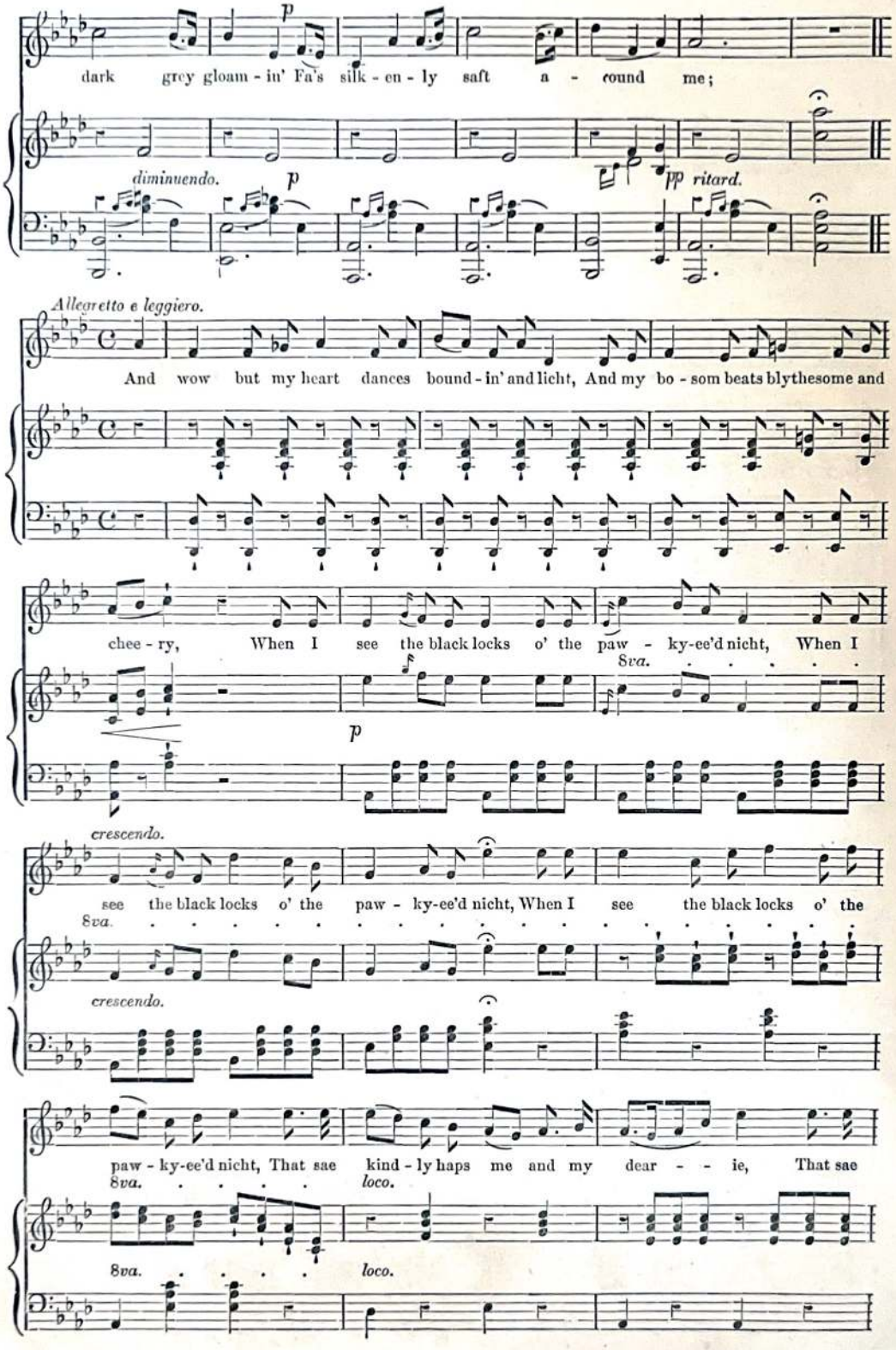
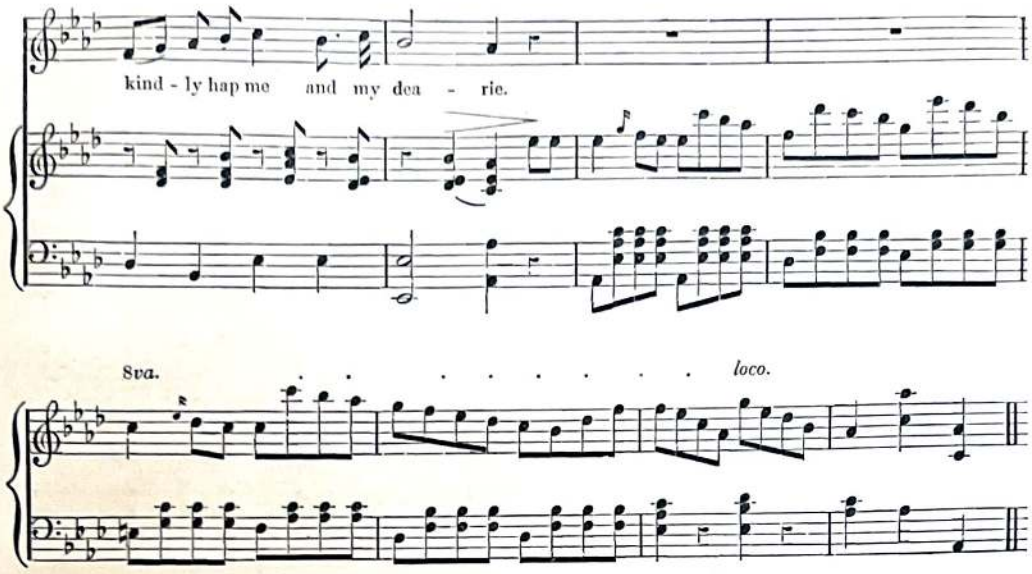

Adagio mesto.
I've seen the smil - ing of
p
slentando.
For - tune be - guil - ing, I've felt all its fa - vours, and found its de-cay;
Sweet was its bless - ing, kind its ca - ress - ing, But now 'tis fled, 'tis
fled far a-way; I've seen the fo - rest a - dor - ned the fore - most, With

flow - ers of the fair - est, most plea - sant and gay, Sae bon - ny was their blooming, their
scent the air per - fum - ing, But now they are wi-ther-ed and a' wede a-way.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me,
Thy smiles cannot cheer me,
For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away.

# The Gloamin' Hour.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE. MUSIC BY J. C. KIESER.

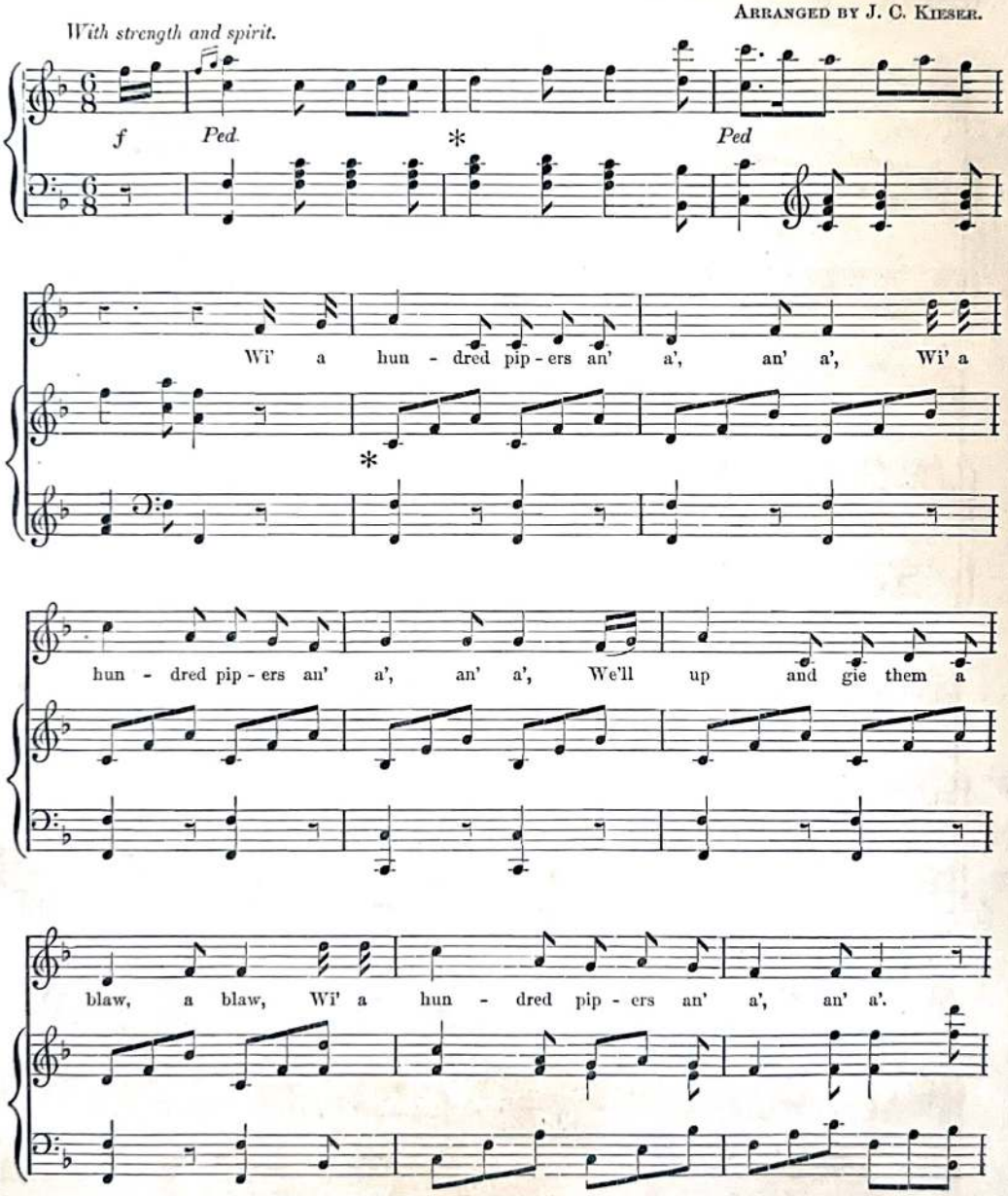

Andante moderato.
Cantabile.
Ped.
* scherzando.
The
wee freckl - ed cluds ower the blue lift are roam - in', The waves rip - ple
Ped.
light ripple light ower the sea, And the pear - ly man - tle o'
*
crescendo.

*** By permission of JAMES BALLANTINE, Esq.

dark grey gloam - in' Fa's silk - en - ly saft a - round me;
diminuendo.
p
pp ritard.
Allegretto e leggiero.
And wow but my heart dances bound - in' and licht, And my bo - som beats blythesome and
chee - ry, When I see the black locks o' the paw - ky-ee'd nicht, When I
8va.
p
crescendo.
see the black locks o' the paw - ky-ee'd nicht, When I see the black locks o' the
8va.
crescendo.
paw - ky-ee'd nicht, That sae kind - ly haps me and my dear - ie, That sae
8va.
loco.
8va.
loco.

Your birdies an' bardies may warble and sing,
And praise the bricht glories o' day,
But lovers, true lovers, can do nae sic thing,
For they weary till daylight's away;
Then in the lone glen, whaur there's naething to start.
Oh, 'tis sweet when there's naebody near ye,
An' naething is heard but the beat o' your heart,
Echoed back by the heart o' your dearie.

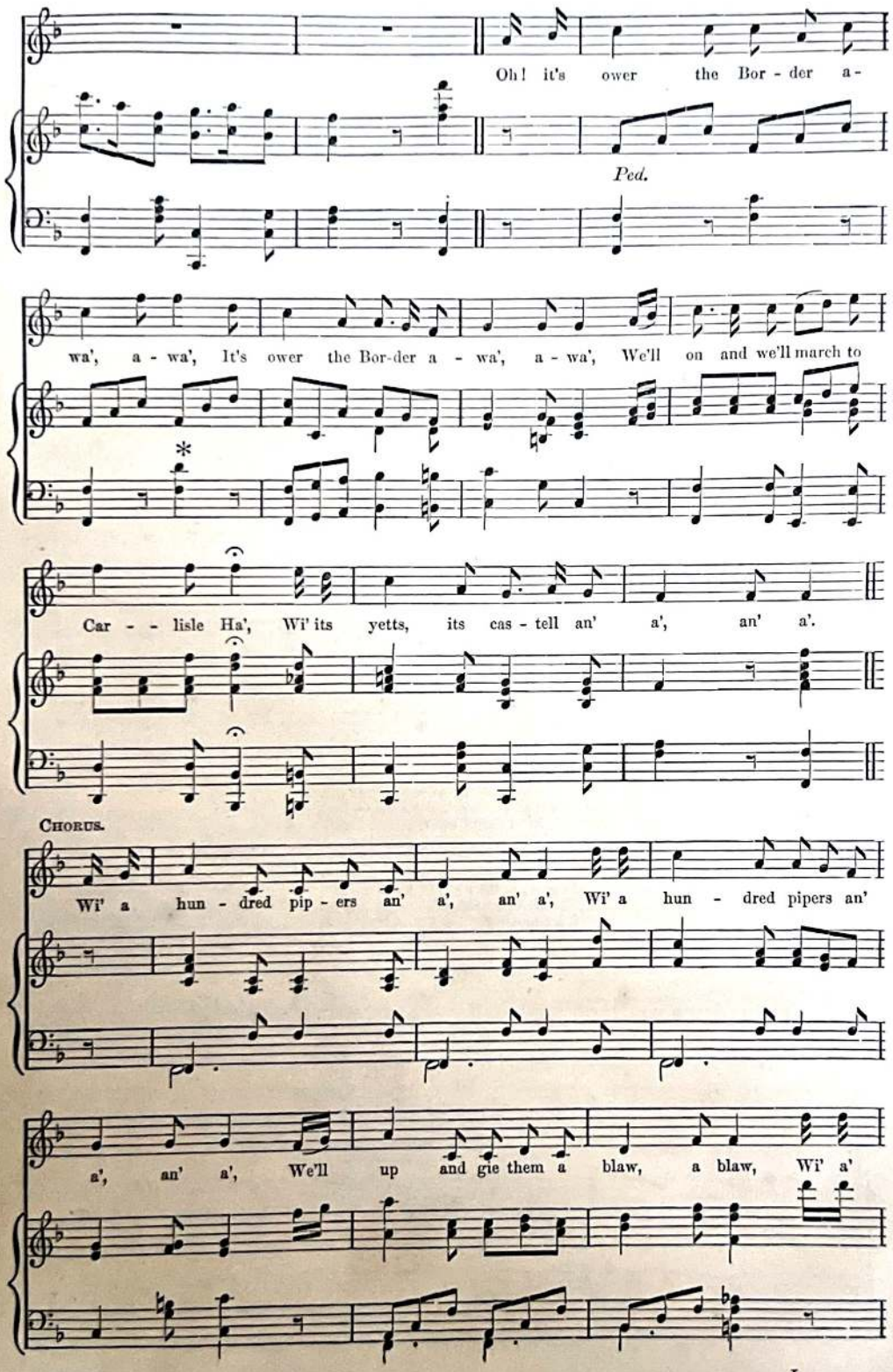
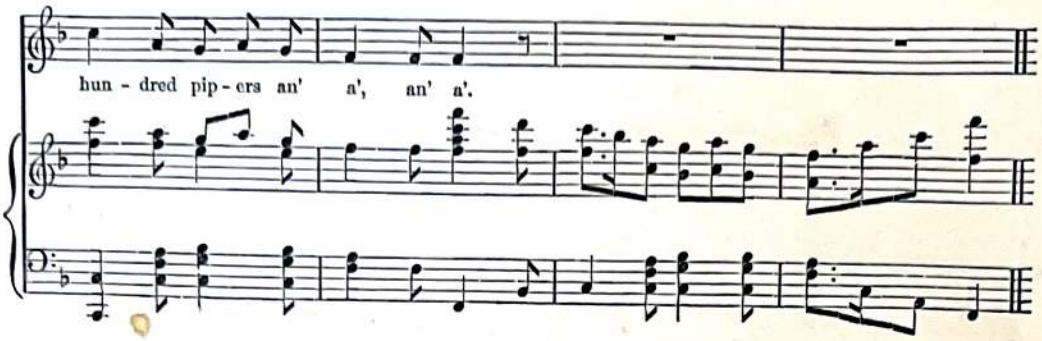
O love! thou canst licht up the darkness o' nicht,
Thou canst brichten the mirkest hour;
And the heaven o' bliss, in a stown modest kiss,
Brings sunshine when dark shadows lower.
Then let him wha complains o' life's troubles and pains
And feels himsel' dowie an' eerie,
Gae doun the lane glen, and let naebody ken
But himsel' an' his ain lovin' dearie!

# The Hundred Pipers.

"Charles Edward entered Carlisle preceded by 100 pipers. Two thousand Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longton; the tide being swollen, nothing was seen of them but their heads and shoulders; they stemmed the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. When landed, the pipers struck up, and they danced reels until they were dry."—Authentic account of the occupation of Carlisle, by George G. Moncey.—*See Blue Bell.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

With strength and spirit.
f
Ped.
*
Ped
Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', Wi' a
*
hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', We'll up and gie them a
blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a'.

By permission of Messrs. PATERSON & SONS, 27 George Street, Edinburgh.


Oh! it's ower the Bor - der a-
Ped.
wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor-der a - wa', a - wa', We'll on and we'll march to
Car - - lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tell an' a', an' a'.
Chorus.
Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pipers an'
a', an' a', We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a'

Oh! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an a';
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear;
An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men?
Second-sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they march'd away.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', &c.

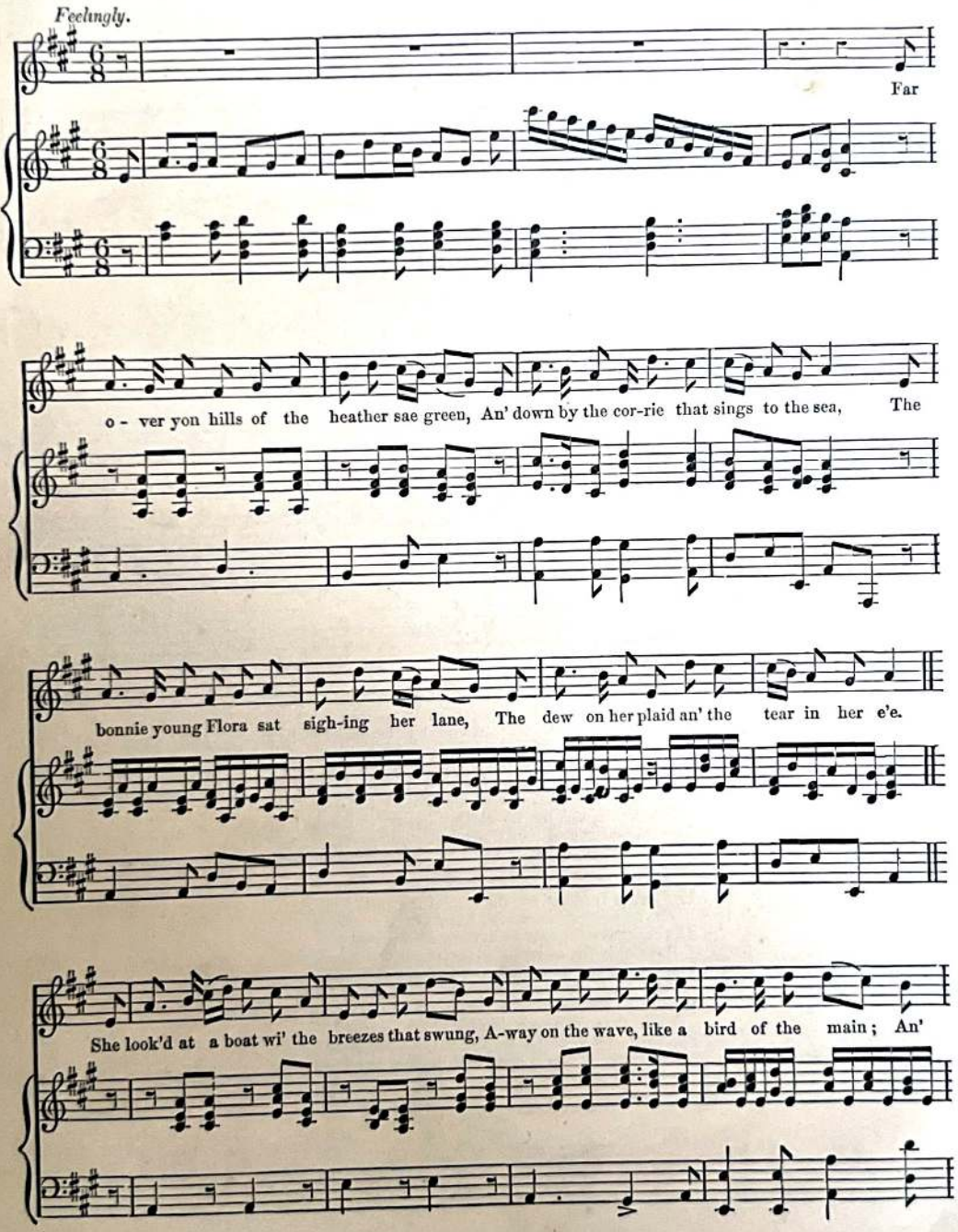
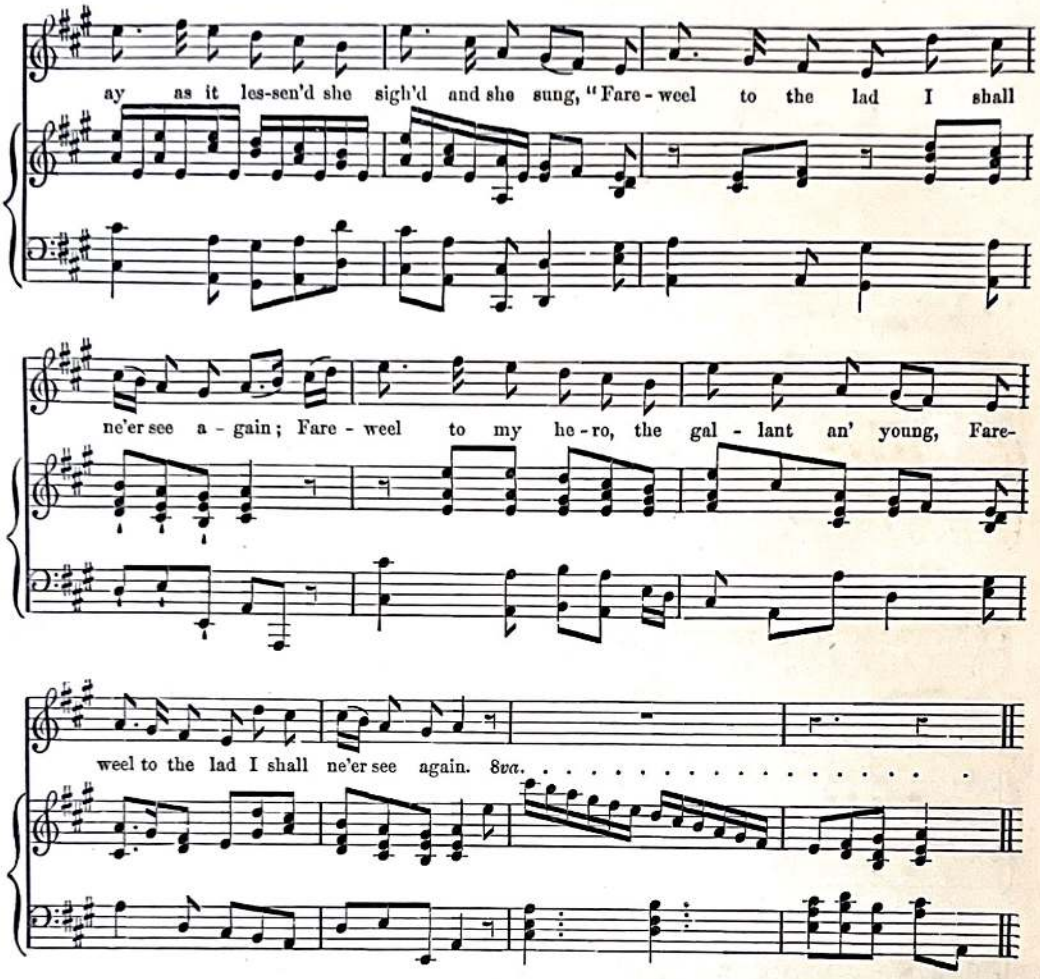
Oh! wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'?
Oh! wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare!
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', &c.

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep;
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep:
Twa thousand swam ower, to fell English ground,
An' danc'd themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw,
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', &c.

# The Lament of Flora MacDonald.

Arranged by J. C. Kieser.

*Feelingly.*


Far
o - ver yon hills of the heather sae green, An' down by the cor-rie that sings to the sea, The
bonnie young Flora sat sigh-ing her lane, The dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung, A-way on the wave, like a bird of the main; An'

ay as it les-sen'd she sigh'd and she sung, "Fare-weel to the lad I shall
ne'er see a-gain; Fare-weel to my he-ro, the gal-lant an' young, Fare-
weel to the lad I shall ne'er see again. 8va.

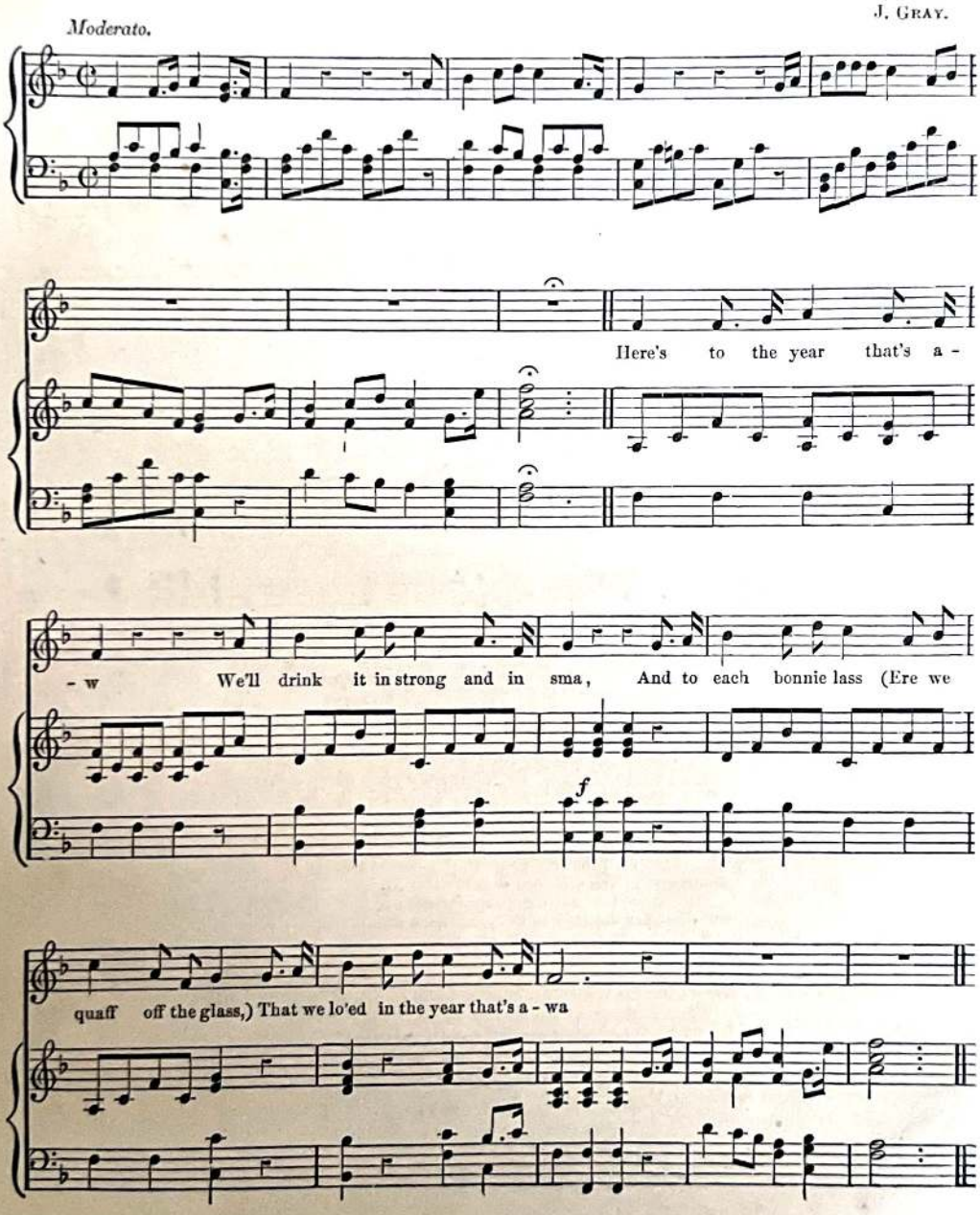
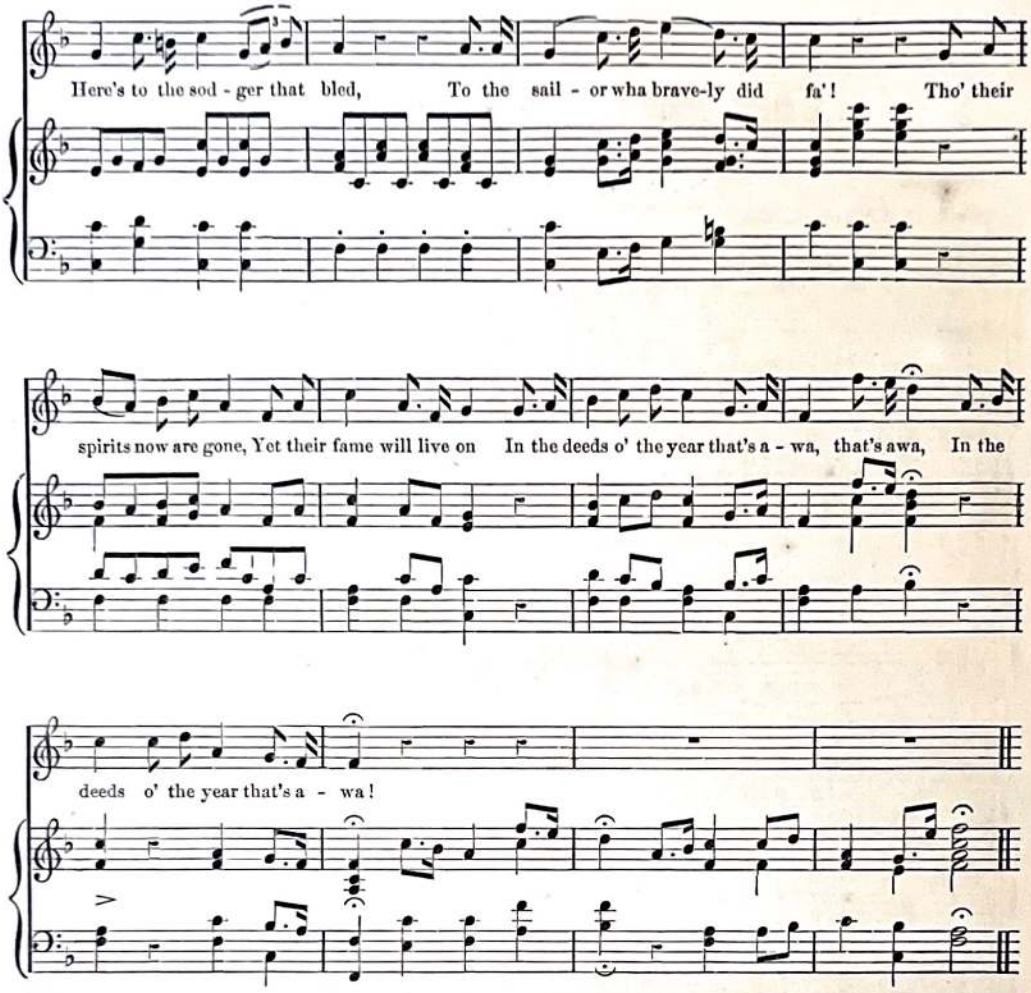
The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shores;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But, ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he;
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland an' me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow

# The Year that's Awa.

NEW VERSION.

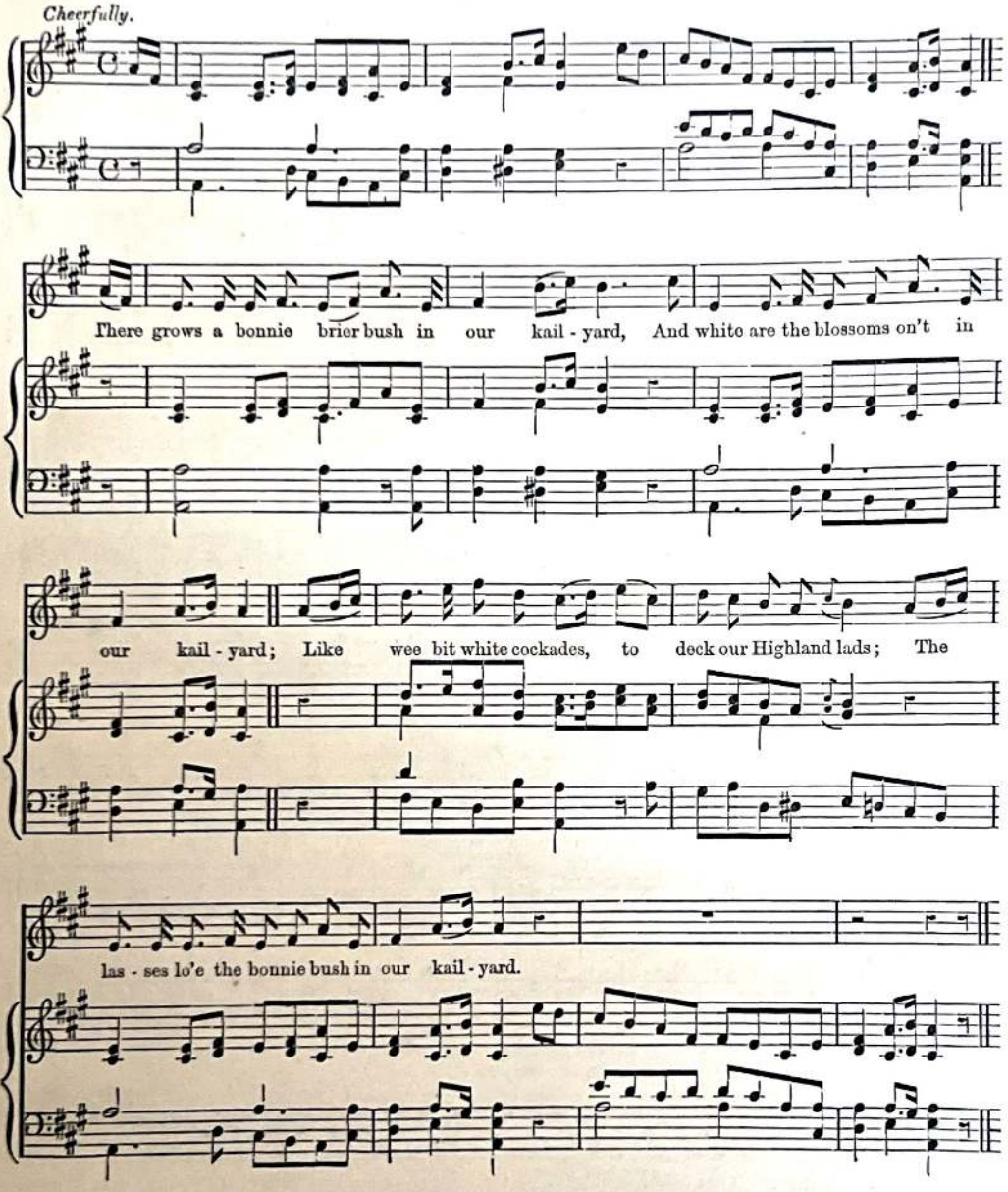
J. GRAY.


Moderato.
Here's to the year that's a -
- w We'll drink it in strong and in sma, And to each bonnie lass (Ere we
f
quaff off the glass,) That we lo'ed in the year that's a - wa

Here's to the sod - ger that bled, To the sail - or wha brave-ly did fa'! Tho' their
spirits now are gone, Yet their fame will live on In the deeds o' the year that's a - wa, that's awa, In the
deeds o' the year that's a - wa!

Here's to the health o' the brave!
The red coats, the blue coats an' a',
And the bonnet an' the plaid,
For our foes will be laid
Wi' the days o' the year that's awa!
Here's to our ain fireside,
And the friends that are here an' awa,
Wha, if need should demand,
Gie their heart an' their hand,
Nor depart like the year that's awa!

Here's to the year three-score!
Our volunteers, riflemen an' a'
And the sailors aff the shore,
For the steer will blow o'er
Like the days o' the year that's awa.
Here's to the land o' the north!
To the Queen! wha's the pride o' us a';
May her glory still advance,
And our boat row wi' France
As in days o' the year that's awa!

# There grows a Bonnie Brier Bush.


Cheerfully.
There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail - yard, And white are the blossoms on't in
our kail - yard; Like wee bit white cockades, to deck our Highland lads; The
las - ses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail - yard.

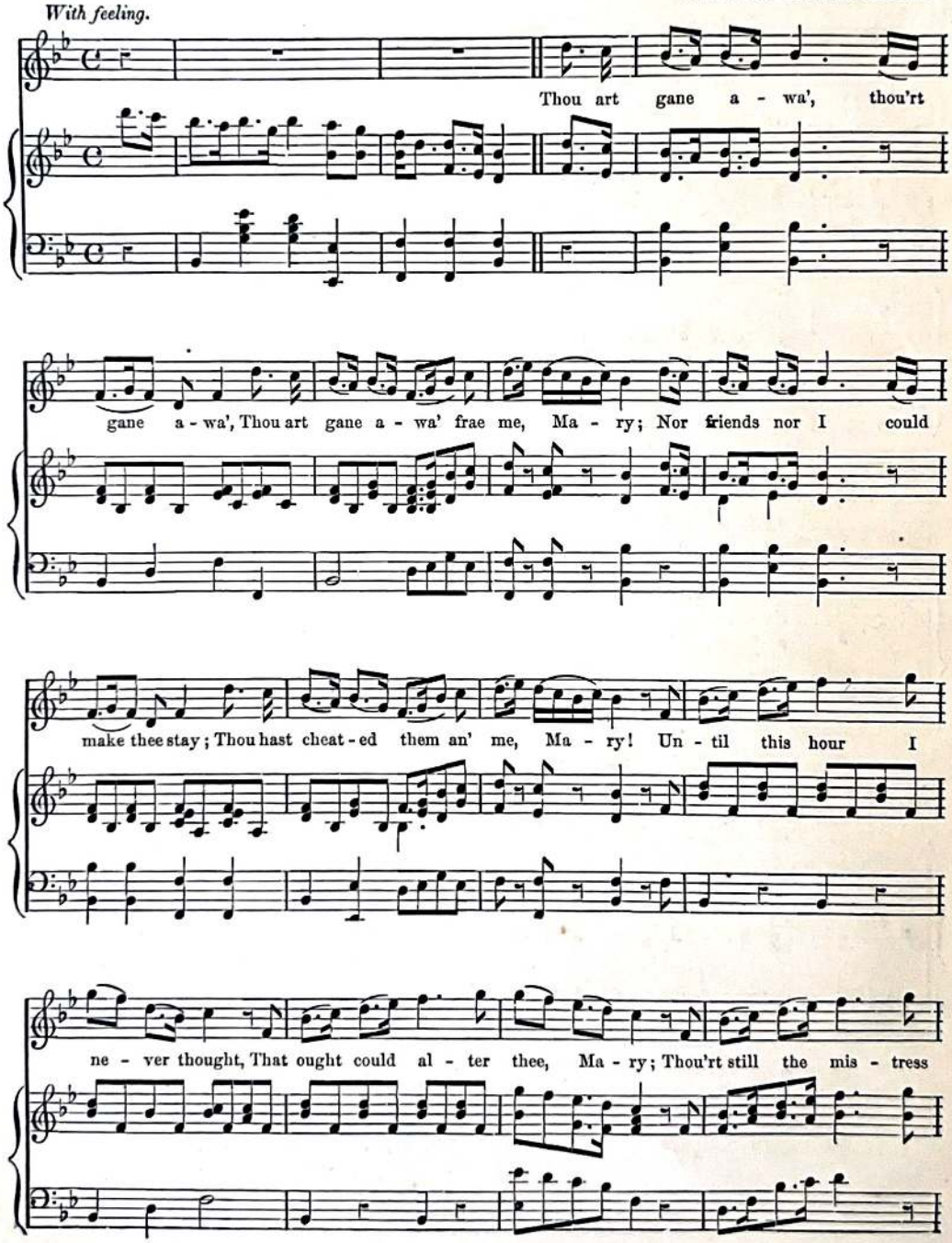
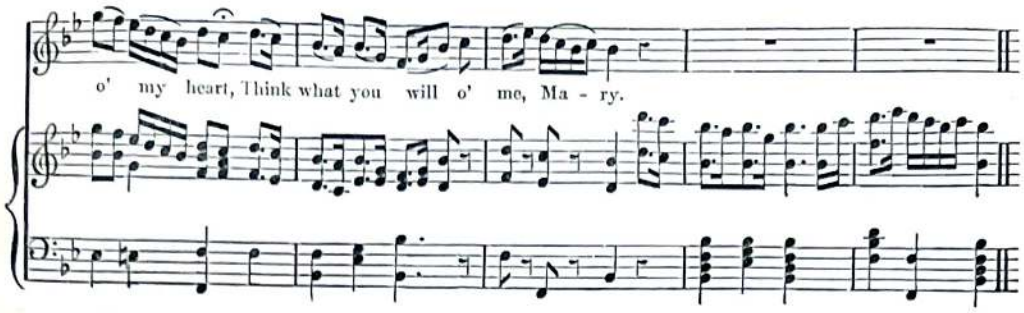
But were they a' true that were far awa'?
Oh, were they a' true that were far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been.
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green,
Ye lo'ed our weel the dancing at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me;
He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me;
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee:
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be he.

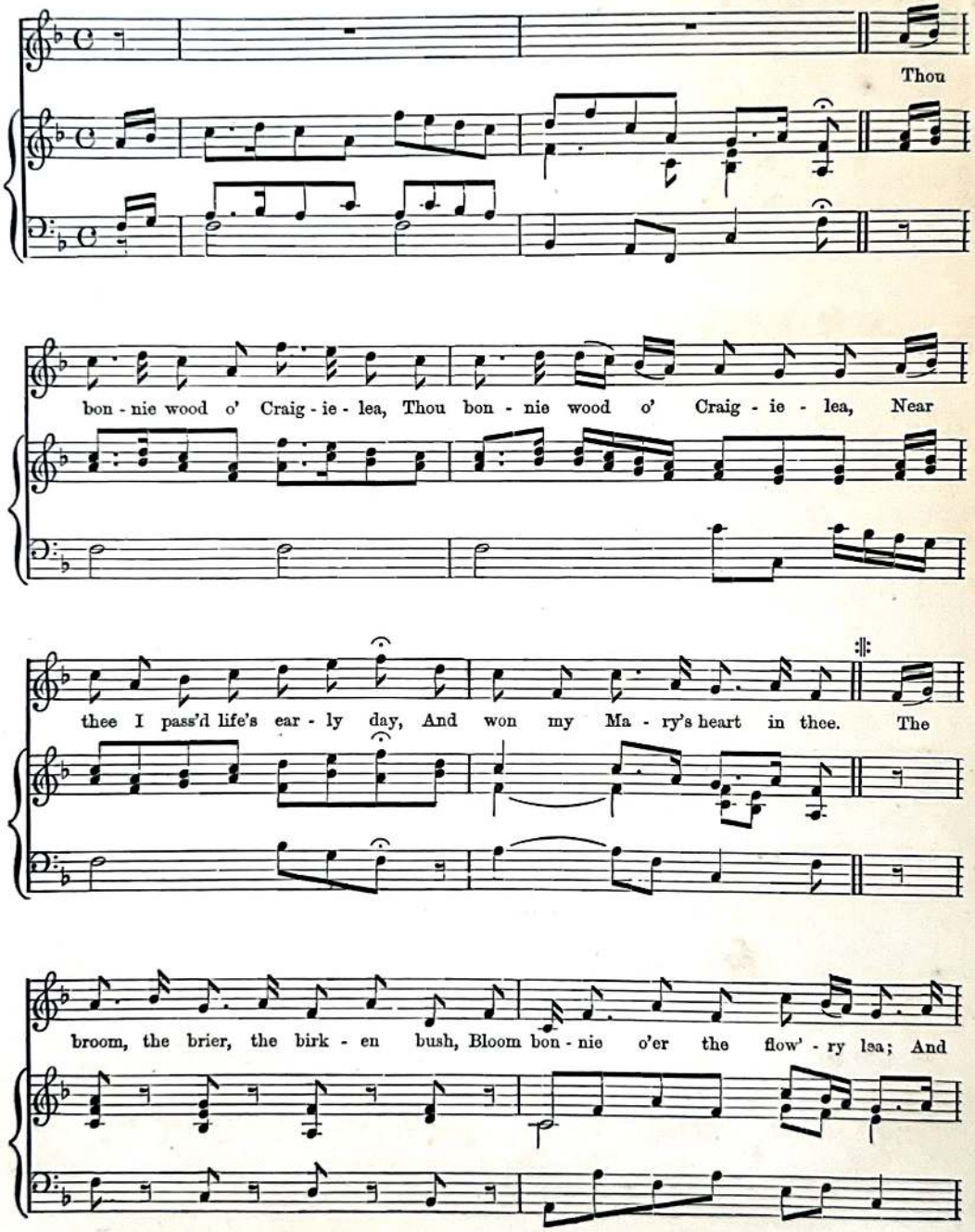
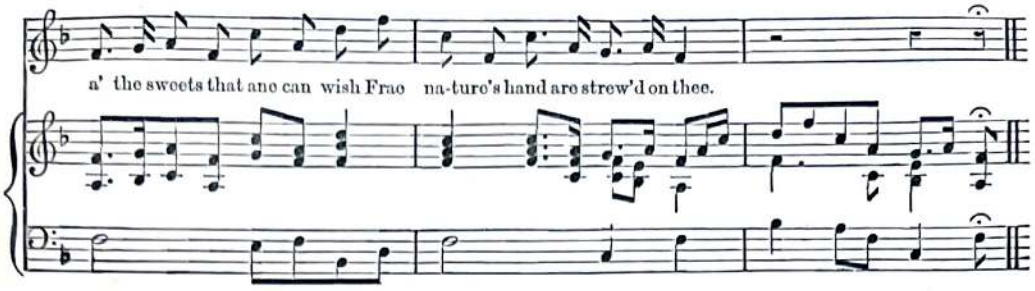
# Thou art gane Awa' frae Me, Mary.

Arranged by. J. C. Kieser.

*With feeling.*

Thou art gane a - wa', thou'rt
gane a - wa', Thou art gane a - wa' frae me, Ma - ry; Nor friends nor I could
make thee stay; Thou hast cheat - ed them an' me, Ma - ry! Un - til this hour I
ne - ver thought, That ought could al - ter thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt still the mis - tress

Whate'er he said or might pretend,
That stole that heart o' thine, Mary,
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,
Nae selfish thought's in me, Mary,
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;
No, I lov'd only thee, Mary!

Though you've been false, yet, while I live,
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary;
So then, farewell! o' this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary,
For a' the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

# Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigie-Lea.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL. COMPOSED BY JAMES BARR.

Thou
bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie - lea, Near
thee I pass'd life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee. The
broom, the brier, the birk - en bush, Bloom bon - nie o'er the flow' - ry lea; And

The following stanzas begin at the mark :‖:

Far ben thy dark green plantings' shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously;
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

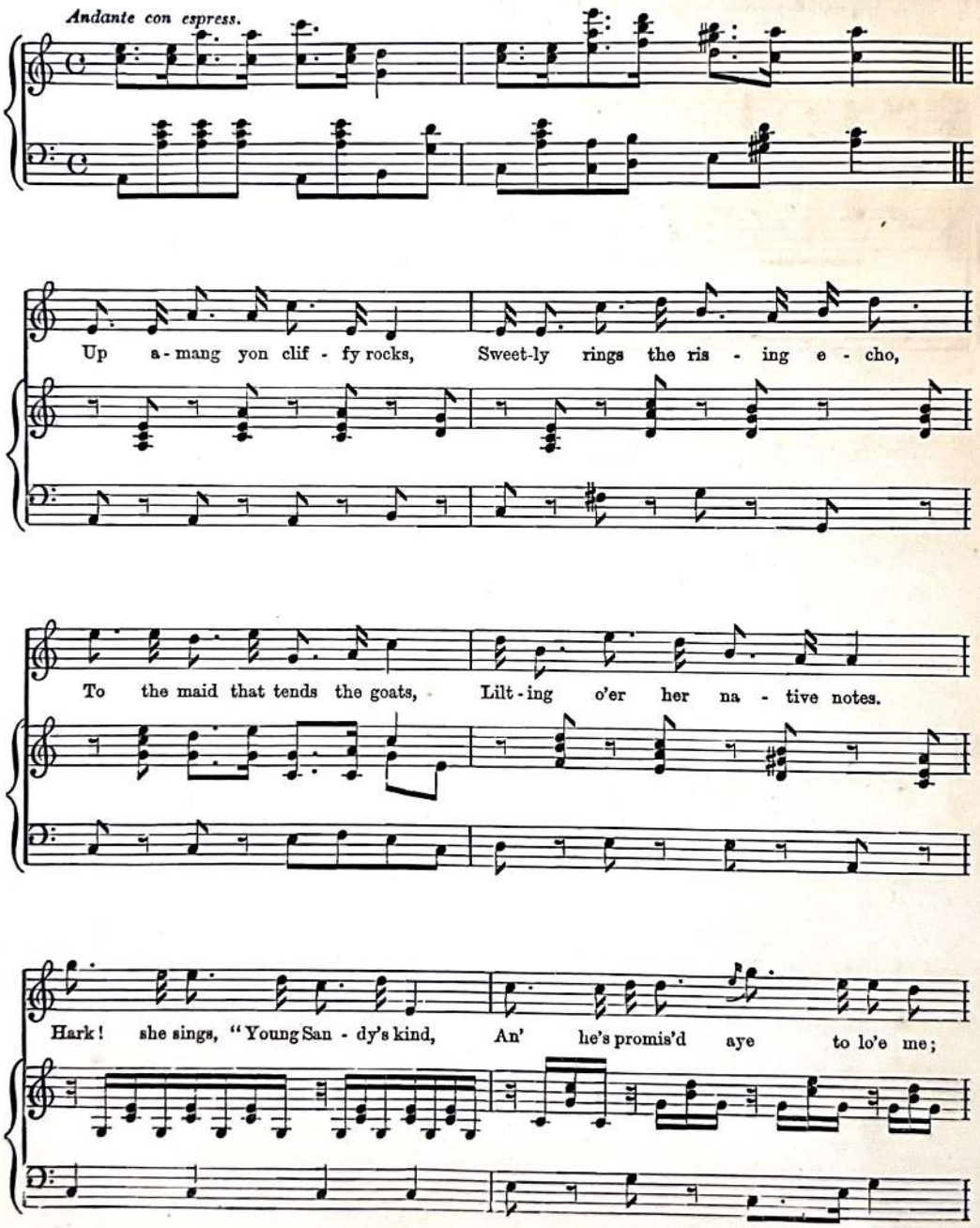
Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be!
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

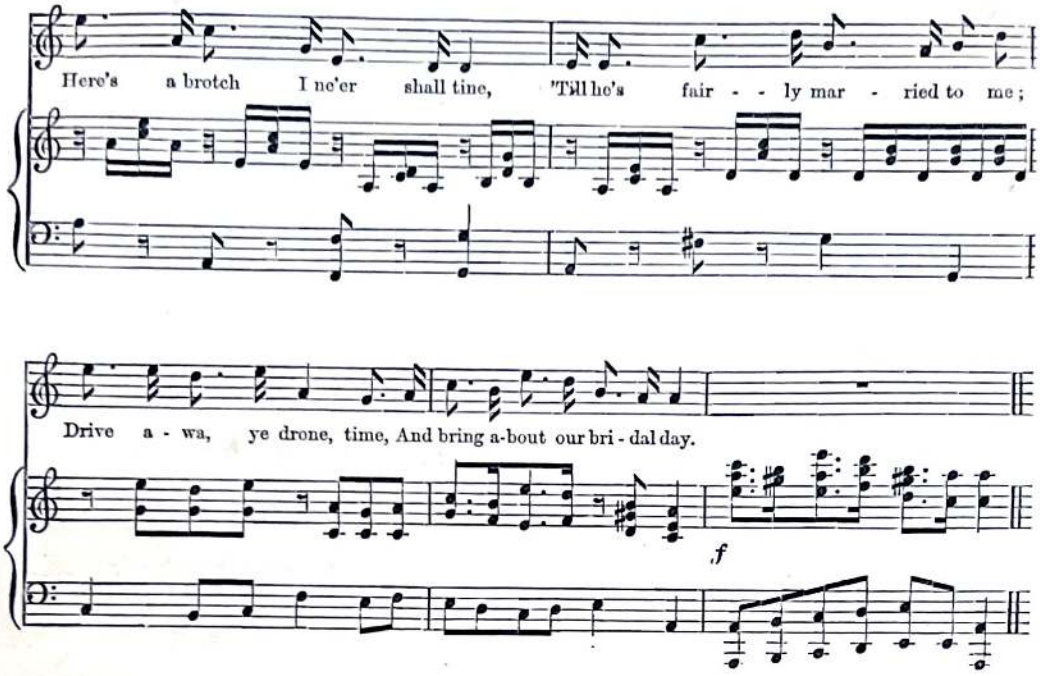
When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever mind,
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

# Up amang yon Cliffy Rocks.

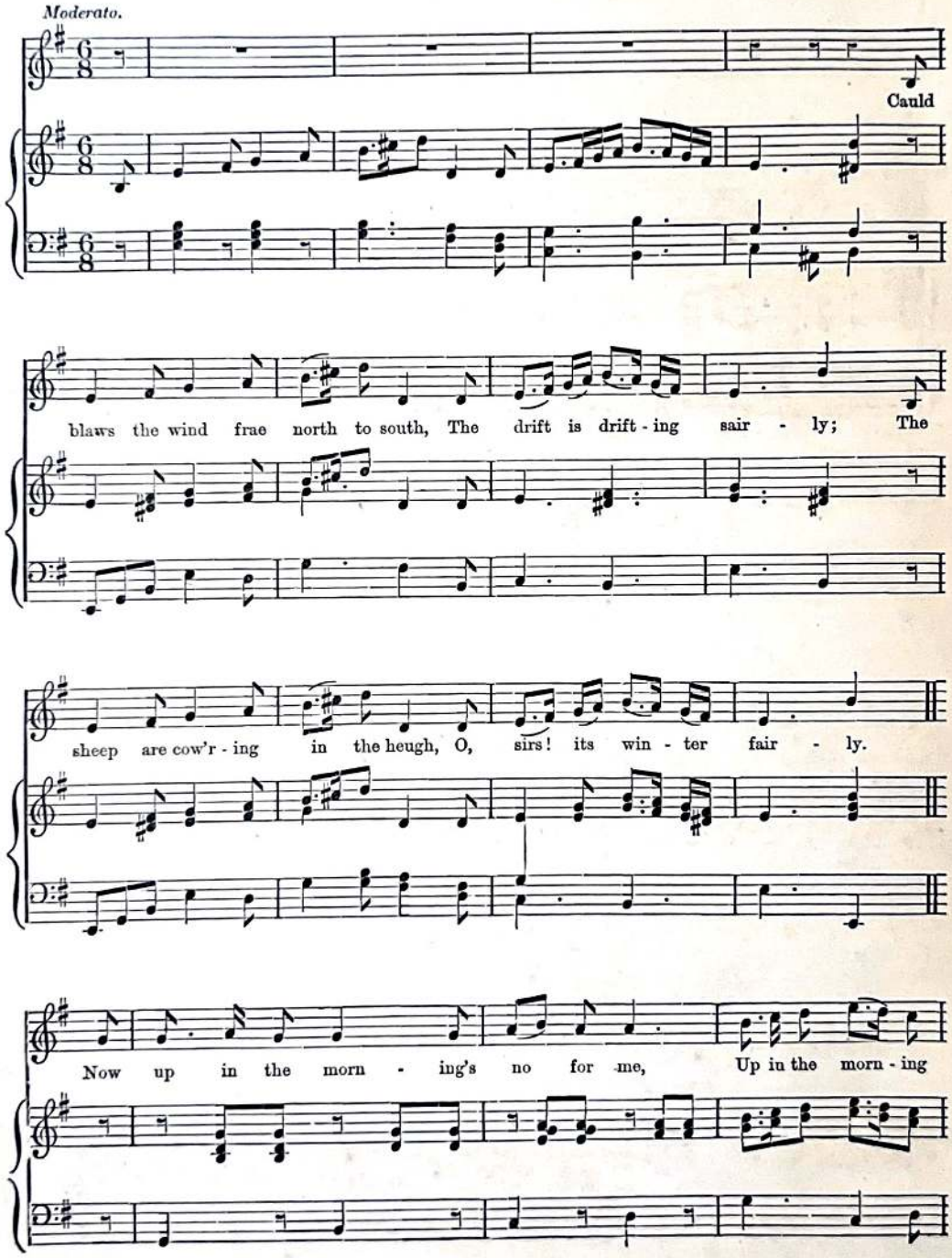
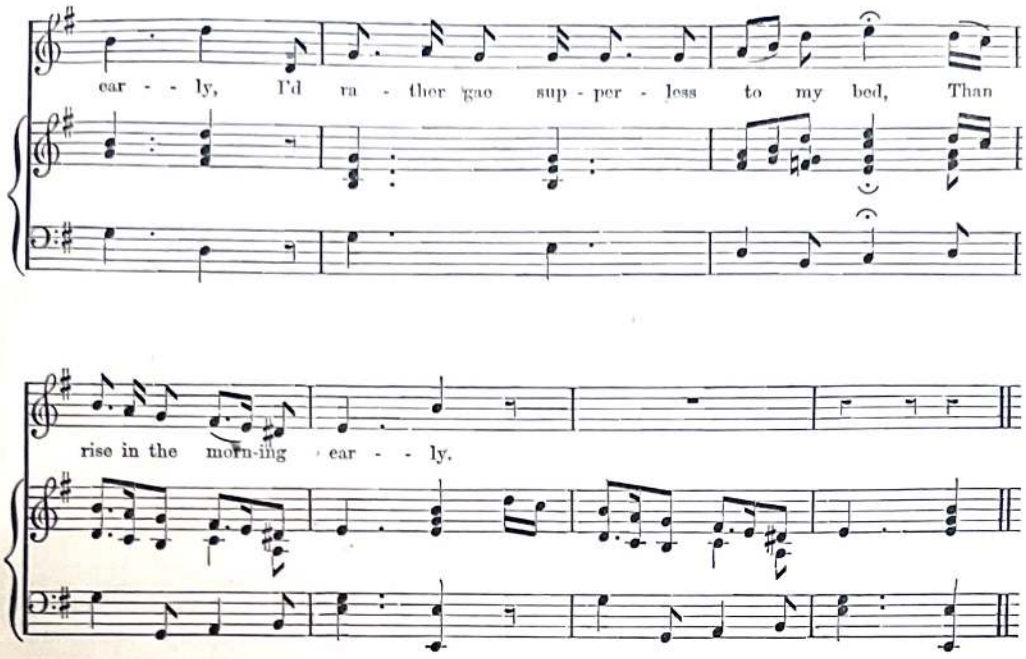
ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.


Andante con espress.
Up a - mang yon clif - fy rocks, Sweet-ly rings the ris - ing e - cho,
To the maid that tends the goats, Lilt - ing o'er her na - tive notes.
Hark! she sings, "Young San - dy's kind, An' he's promis'd aye to lo'e me;




"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning dare nae bleat.
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the highland heather,
Wading thro' the winter snow,
Keeping aye his flocks thegether.
But a plaid wi' bare knees
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance and sing
Canty glee or highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel or round a ring:
Wightly can he wield a rung;
In a brawl he's aye the bangster;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest winded sangster:
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

# Up in the Morning Early.

Moderato.
Cauld
blaws the wind frae north to south, The drift is drift - ing sair - ly; The
sheep are cow'r - ing in the heugh, O, sirs! its win - ter fair - ly.
Now up in the morn - ing's no for me, Up in the morn - ing

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!
The frost is nipping sairly.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
To sit a' nicht wad better agree
Than rise in the morning early.

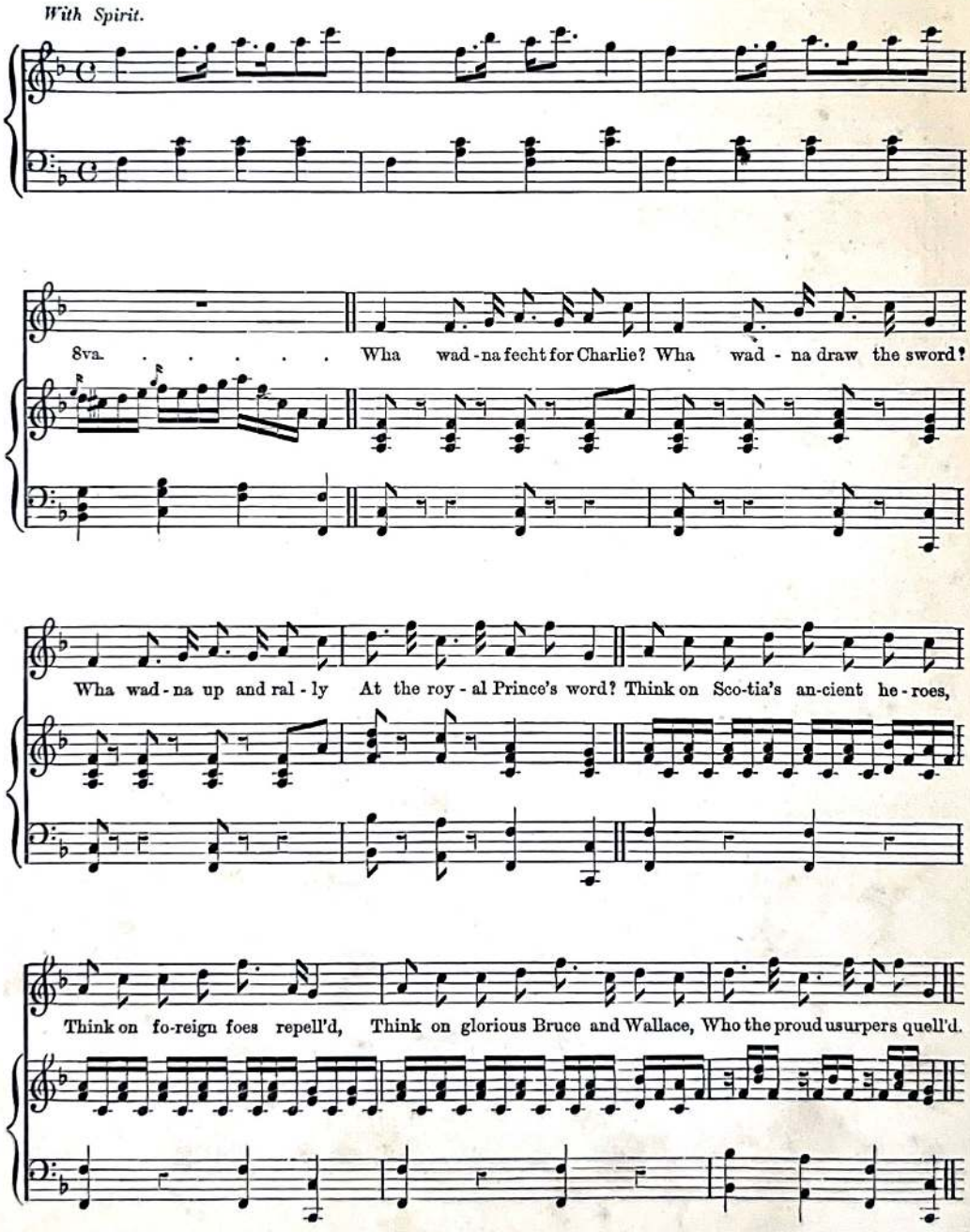
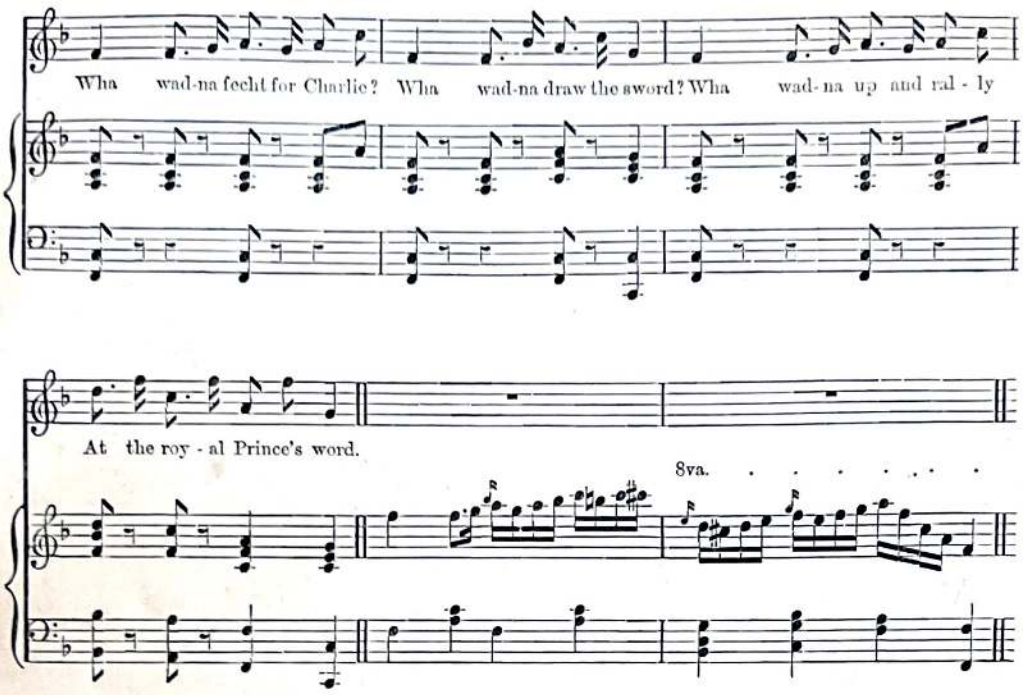
The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,
Like ony timorous carlie,
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again;
And that we find severely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush;
Puir things, they suffer sairly:
In cauldrife quarters a' the nicht;
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree,
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosie house and cantie wife,
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stow'd wi' meat and drink,
They answer unco rarely,
But up in the morning—na, na, na!
Up in the morning early!
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
When I rise in the morning early.

# Wha wadna Fecht for Charlie?

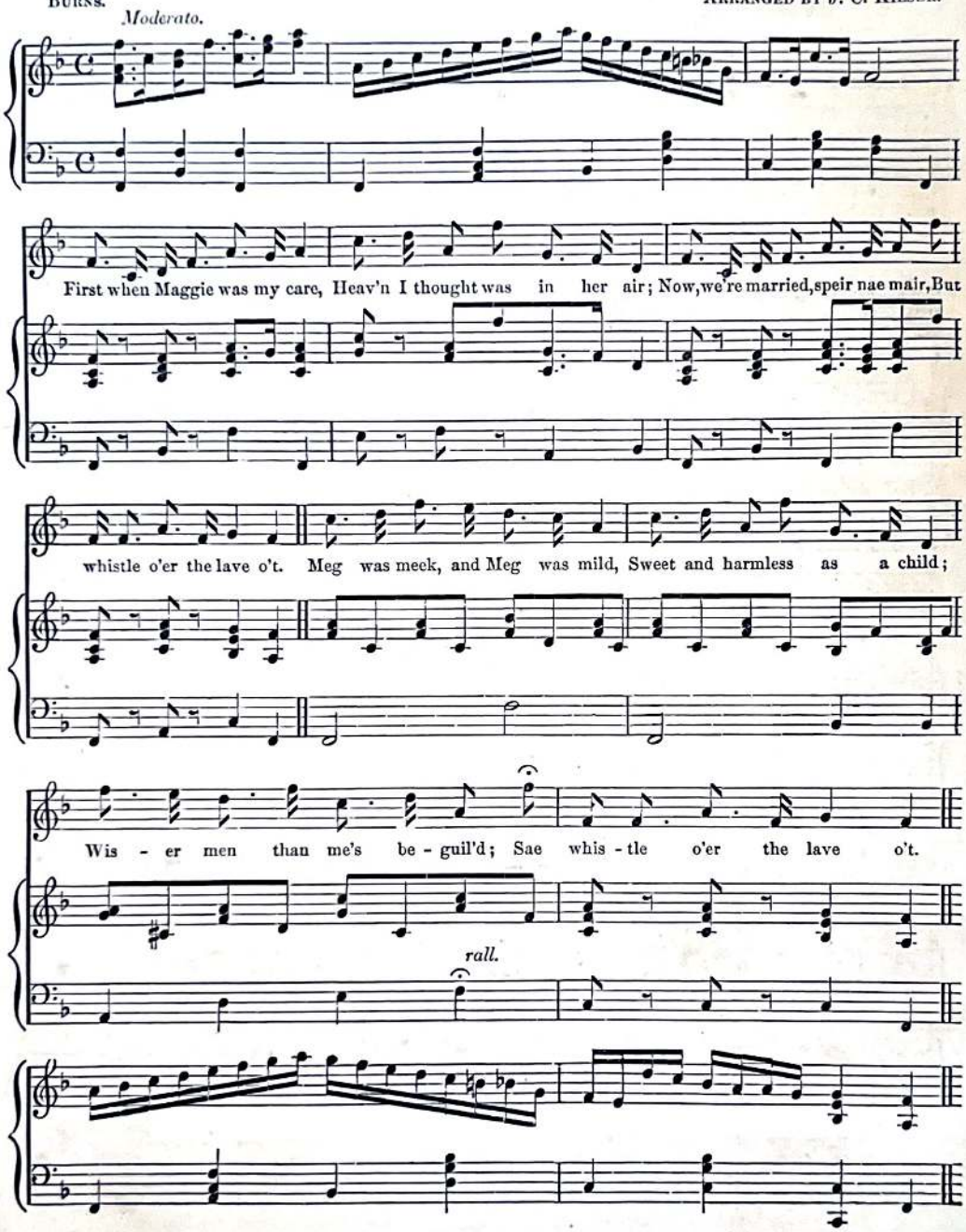
ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With Spirit.*

8va.
Wha wad - na fecht for Charlie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?
Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's word? Think on Sco-tia's an-cient he - roes,
Think on fo-reign foes repell'd, Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace, Who the proud usurpers quell'd.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftains' banners—
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel!
Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause,
Now the Scottish lion rallies—
Let us strike for Prince and laws.
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

# Whistle o'er the Lave O't.

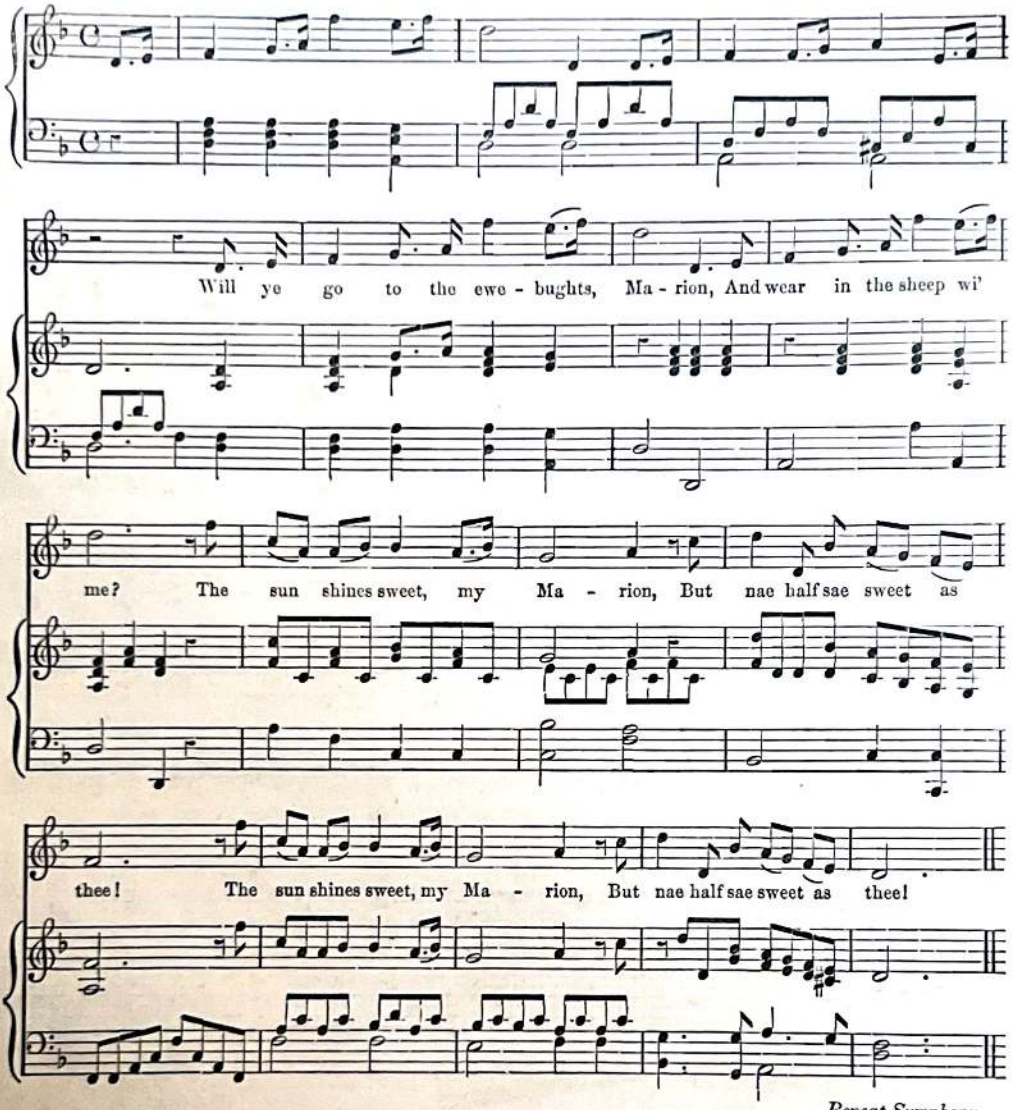
BURNS. ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

First when Maggie was my care, Heav'n I thought was in her air; Now, we're married, speir nae mair, But
whistle o'er the lave o't. Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wis - er men than me's be - guil'd; Sae whis - tle o'er the lave o't.
rall.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care-na-by how few may see;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.

# Will ye go to the Ewe-Bughts, Marion?

ARRANGED BY. J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

Will ye go to the ewe - bughts, Ma - rion, And wear in the sheep wi'
me? The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as
thee! The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee!

*Repeat Symphony.*

O Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blythe blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glow'r wi' their e'e,
At kirk, when they see my Marion;
But nane o' them loe's like me.

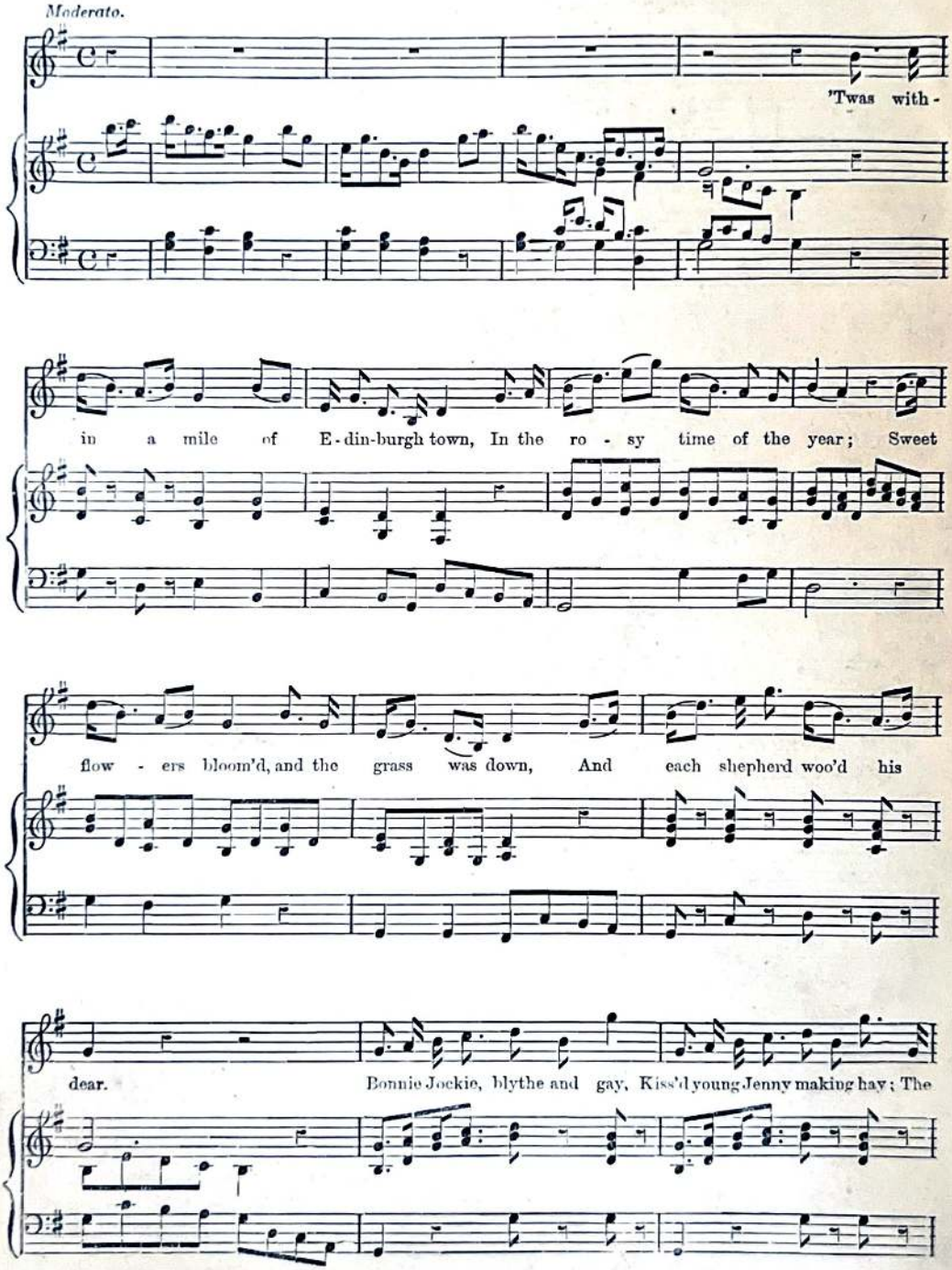
I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow, and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion
Just on her bridal day

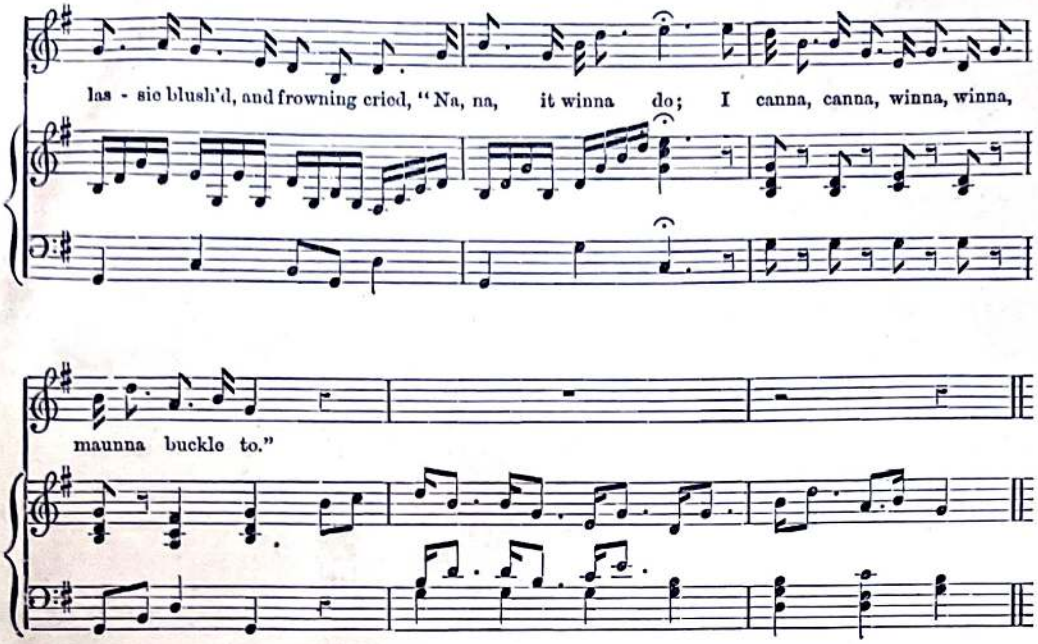
And ye'se get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' the London brown.
And wow but ye will be vap'rin'
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young an' stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle o' the cramasie;
And soon as the sun's down, my Marion,
I shall come west, and see ye.

# Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town.

*Moderato.*

'Twas with-
in a mile of E-din-burgh town, In the ro - sy time of the year; Sweet
flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his
dear. Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay, Kiss'd young Jenny making hay; The




Young Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
Though lang he had followed the lass;
Content'd she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do:
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to,"

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gi'ed him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."